

In this Issue

Vol. 148

March 7, 1928

No. 10

Events of the Week :

Prohibition—the New York Bar	
Objects	363
The Klan Unmasks	363
The S-4 in Court	363
Economic Freedom for Husbands	363
Age and Newer Worlds	364
Tin and Famine.	364
Farm Relief and the Agitator.	364
A King and His Radio	364
China Going Chinese	364
Cartoons of the Week	365
Pabst to Padlocks	366
He Employs Ex-Convicts	366
Whom Did Dr. Butler Mean?	366
The Scientist and the Doodle Bug	366
A Region's Hope in Rivers	366
Loops—Is the Human Race Sane?	367
Tennis—Lawn and Otherwise	367
Equals World's Record	367
Publicity Hounds	367
Two Cents a Mile	368
"Synthetic" Radium	368
A Deadlock in Japan	368
The "Million-Dollar Tooth"	368
Art in a Mid-West Center	369
Erratum	369
From Washington :	
Hoover Passes Two Ordeals	369
Flood Control	370
The Naval Program Slashed	370
Still "Drafting" Coolidge	370
On the Trail of Oil	370
A Pleasant Way Out	370
Reeds in the Political Wind	370
Tours at Government Expense	371
Windows on the World	371
By MALCOLM W. DAVIS	

Editorials :

Hoover on Prohibition	374
Myth and Truth at Havana	374

Mrs. Bertrand Russell vs. the Uni-

versity of Wisconsin	375
Science Means Change	375

Articles :

Exit Greeley : Enter Stuart.	373
By DIXON MERRITT	
My Own View of Marriage	376
By BERTRAND RUSSELL	
Willis of Ohio	378
By RAY T. TUCKER	
Literature at the Crossroads	380
By HENRY F. PRINGLE	
Miniatures from the Life	382
By IBBY HALL	
Lights Down : A Review of the	
Stage	383
The Movies	384
By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.	
Music and Musicians :	
From the Rhine to the Guadalquivir	385
By EUGENE BONNER	
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks	386
By WALTER R. BROOKS	
Business and Finance :	
The Scarcity of Jobs	388
By THOMAS H. GAMMACK	
Tell Me a Story :	
Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS	
The Newfoundland Dog	390
As remembered by GEORGE ARLISS	
Speaking of Books :	
Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS	
The American Drama, by ROSAMOND	
GILDER	392
Midwinter Fiction	396
From Publisher—To You	361
East Side Interior	362
Etching by EDWARD HOPPER	

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY, Publisher ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS DIXON MERRITT HAROLD T. PULSIFER
FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS PARKHURST WHITNEY

WILLIAM L. ETTINGER, JR., Advertising Manager

WALTER THALEN, Circulation Manager

The Outlook is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

SCARCELY a day passes just now without its quota of letters from Outlook readers. What do they say? Unanimously (we would like to declare) they write to assure us that The Outlook could not be better. But not so.

THIS morning one man has just written to say that he is so afraid of getting mad during the year and refusing to continue his subscription in 1929 that he is insuring himself against this calamity by sending in a payment for two years now. Another informs us that our "spineless creed" of a few weeks ago is so calculated to make him swear at us and not by us that he is rebellious; while still another declares that we have said we were going to make a new Outlook, and that she, for one, can't see any difference between the old and the new! Follows a note which says that the writer has watched with pleasure "the progressive changing of the magazine from a purely æsthetic, old-fashioned, orthodox journal into a wide-awake modern but sane publication, treating our daily problems with courage and reason."

And there you are.

NO, to judge from letters there is no unanimity in what Outlook readers think. And yet a steadily growing number of new friends are joining our circle every day. Old subscribers will be glad to know that The Outlook's faithful supporters have stood by almost to a man in this latest adventure of the "good ship on whose prow Lyman Abbott once stood, peering ahead into the unknown." New readers will be pleased to hear that every day sees more of the new generation upon our lists.

AND yet we still have a long way to go if we are to justify such confidence as the writer of this letter expresses: "As an old subscriber of many years, I am going to ask for the privilege of saying a few words about the new Outlook. It is decidedly new, and I must confess that the first few issues made me literally gasp and wonder if I had lost an old and tried friend. But I decided to withhold judgment—and not have any prejudices. So now I am going to tell you that I like the new Outlook and admire it and find much to enjoy in it. You have gathered together a splendid staff of new minds and new thoughts—and I, for one, thank you and appreciate the work you are doing—and the ideals you are fostering."

Such letters give us renewed zest.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

THE OUTLOOK, March 7, 1928. Volume 148, Number 10. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price \$5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the postal Union, \$6.56. Entered as second-class matter, July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and December 1, 1926, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1928, by The Outlook Company.



Courtesy of E. Weyhe

Reproduced from "Fine Prints of the Year, 1927." Minton, Balch & Co., Publishers

EAST SIDE INTERIOR

Etching by Edward Hopper

The Outlook

March 7, 1928

Events of the Week

Prohibition—The New York Bar Objects

THE Association of the Bar of the City of New York has adopted a resolution setting forth that the Eighteenth Amendment "is inconsistent with the spirit and purpose of the Constitution of the United States" and contrary to the rights and liberties supposedly guaranteed "by the first ten Amendments." The Amendment and the Volstead Act, the lawyers urged, should therefore be repealed and "the subject of prohibition remitted to the sole regulation of the several States."

The action is the third taken within the year by legal associations whose members have given consideration to this subject. The New York County Lawyers Association has called for a study of enforcement abuses, and the Law Association of Philadelphia adopted a resolution last March pointing to the evils arising from Volsteadism.

The resolution of the New York City Bar Association has been widely interpreted as another victory for the wets. But this is not entirely accurate. The lawyers refrained from passing upon the moral or ethical phases of prohibition, and it is conceivable that some of those who voted for the resolution may have been ardent dries. The members of the Association were concerned, as students of the law, with its legal aspects alone. The resolution as introduced contained seventeen paragraphs attacking prohibition on legal, moral, social, and economic grounds. Prior to adoption, however, all but the legal phase were eliminated.

The Bar Association of the City of New York has 3,000 members, among them most of the leaders of the bar living in the East. Charles Evans Hughes

is now President. Only a fraction of the membership was present when the resolution was adopted, and Mr. Hughes was absent in Havana. It was passed by a vote of about three to one, however, and expresses the sense of the organization.

The Klan Unmasks

KLEAGLES, Kludds, and Kligraps must carry on barefaced hereafter for white supremacy, for Protestantism, and for "wholesome patriotism based upon the great fundamentals of Americanism." This is the order of Dr. Hiram Wesley Evans, of the Imperial Kingdom; it is to be "unlawful for any klansman to wear any mask or visor," and all the faithful are "forbidden to fraternize with or remain in Klannish fidelity to" brethren who may still like to remain incognito.

At the same time the Imperial Wizard revealed the formation of a new order or degree of Klannishness—the Knights of the Great Forest. Dr. Evans said that the change had been under consideration for some time and that it was in preparation for "new and larger activities." Initiation fee is \$1 a head. Membership is compulsory.

The S-4 in Court

DISSATISFACTION in both the Navy Department and the Treasury Department seems to be the chief direct effect of the finding of the Court of Inquiry into the sinking and the attempted rescue of the submarine S-4.

The reason for this dissatisfaction is twofold. First, both Departments are dissatisfied with the blame that the Court places upon the commanders of both the Treasury boat Paulding and

the naval submarine S-4. Navy men do not believe that there was evidence sufficient to show beyond reasonable doubt that Lieutenant-Commander Jones, of the S-4, was personally responsible, although they agree that for the collision the major responsibility rested upon the naval vessel. Secretary Mellon, of the Treasury Department, holds that there was no evidence to show that Commander Baylis, of the Coast Guard destroyer Paulding, was responsible. The Court finds that there was an inadequate lookout maintained. At the hearings there was evidence that neither Department informed the other concerning movements of its vessels. The Court recommends a conference for the exchange of information.

The other reason for dissatisfaction is the apparent discrepancy in the findings concerning measures of rescue. Although the Court declares that the rescue operations were "logical, sound, and the most promising of early success," it recommends that Admiral Brumby, who was in general charge of those operations, "be detached from the command of the Control Board."

Secretary Wilbur has directed the Court to reconvene and to explain its reasons with "completeness and particularity."

Economic Freedom for Husbands

AN indication of the results of the emancipation of women, as recorded in a ruling by the Supreme Court of Georgia that a husband cannot be held liable for damages involving a civil offense committed by his wife:

"By sweeping changes in the law governing civil rights of married women, the doctrine of the merger of the civil existence of wife and husband has been

swept away. While the husband is still declared by the statute to be the head of the family, he, like the King of England, is largely a figurehead. . . . Since the husband's rights and privileges have been swept away by statutes in this State, and as his lordship has been practically, if not completely, swept away by various statutes, why should he be held to his old-time marital liabilities, which were based upon the former marital rights and privileges?"

Age and Newer Worlds

YOUTH that despairs of getting a "kick" out of life after it has turned twenty and age that grows weary at new effort as it approaches threescore and ten might consider the case of Mrs. Harriet Rebecca Hamilton, of Fayetteville, Arkansas, a great-grandmother, past sixty-five, who has entered the University of Arkansas as a freshman, and expects to prepare herself for fuller and more intelligent living.

Mrs. Hamilton, the mother of eight children, recalls the day when, as a child, she looked forward to a college education. Circumstances did not permit realization of the hope. With marriage came the responsibilities of a large family. Years passed, and the children grew up. Then the chance finally came for Mrs. Hamilton. She enrolled as a journalism student, because she wished to know more about the making of newspapers and how to read more intelligently. She has visions of graduation and an enlarged outlook.

Fortunately, the case is not isolated. It is only in part a novel condition. Women, and men, here and there retain and display the same eager, inquiring, ambitious spirit, regardless of age. There is no formula for procedure in the matter. Opportunities abound to learn more, to gain fresh points of view, to broaden one's interests and sympathies—where the will exists.

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Tin and Famine

THE culinary art in America as viewed by Lord Askwith, English tin magnate, as reported by the New York World:

"The United States is effectually sealing itself up in a tin can. Half the food Americans eat is tinned. Americans are so busy and so imprisoned in their tinned lives that they never pause to consider what would happen if the tin supply ran out and they had to fall back again on ordinary food. It has been estimated that if anything happened to America's

tin supplies about twenty-eight per cent of American husbands would go hungry, for the simple reason that tinned food has robbed American women of their culinary art."

Farm Relief and the Agitator

To judge by the noise over the farm problem about the National capital or other points more or less remote from the soil, the commotion out around the grass roots should be loud and menacing. But is it? Disinterested observers in the central agricultural area do not think so. They seem more than ever inclined to the view that the farm relief most in demand is relief from the agitator, political and professional.

This does not mean that no farm problem exists. But it does mean that clamorous groups, trying to make capital of a condition demanding sane attention, have magnified the problem out of reasonable proportions.

The failure of agitators to make observable progress and of farmers themselves to be deeply concerned over their plight just now is explained in no small part by the increase of approximately \$1,000,000,000 in the total value of farm products in the United States last year, compared with 1926. The increase, naturally, was not evenly distributed. Depression was relieved appreciably in one region; but little or not at all in another.

In general, however, conditions have been improving. In a group of agricultural States, including Kansas, Nebraska, and several others, the gain in farm values last year amounted to nearly a half billion dollars. In the flood area of the lower Mississippi Valley there were losses. In some of the leading corn States there was but slight gain. Yet the outlook, certainly in much of the Middle West, is far from discouraging. After a series of bad years, the live-stock industry, with the exception of hogs, is on the mend. Its condition is better than at any time since 1920. The outlook in the winter-wheat area at present is promising.

Additionally indicative of a change is substantial revision of the McNary-Haugen Bill itself, with the disputed equalization fee left only as an alternative expedient. And not without significance is the position of the Kansas delegation in Congress, which, with a single exception, voted for the bill in its more radical form last year, but now has expressed its readiness to support the measure without the equalization fee.

Farmers who are going about the

business of another crop are less concerned with such matters as the equalization fee than with the chances of adequate rainfall in the next six months. Though they would like to have some possible relief in the handling of troublesome crop surpluses, the farmers are thinking more about the price of wheat in July than results of the election in November.

A King and His Radio

FAR from unique complaint of King George of England, as reported by the Associated Press:

"If I tune in for Paris I get London, and if I try to get Berlin I get London. The London station kills everything else. I want a set that will get foreign stations when I want them."

China Going Chinese

FOREIGNERS in the Far East have spread alarms regularly during the past year that China was "going Red." The Chinese Nationalists, as their armies advanced from Canton in South China to the Yangtze Valley in central China, have been pictured as agents of Bolshevism. Now they themselves have finally given the lie to these charges.

General Huang-fu, the newly named Foreign Minister of the Nationalist administration at Nanking, has announced his policy. Regarding the "unequal treaties" with foreign Powers he is markedly restrained.

"Because China's relations have been shackled by unequal treaties for the past eighty years," he says, "the growth of natural, friendly relations has been greatly hampered. In view of such unfavorable conditions, the Nationalist Government is prepared to revise all the unequal treaties with the Powers in accordance with usual diplomatic procedure."

Then, in a passage believed to be aimed at Moscow, he adds:

"With regard to those Powers seeking to impair China's social institutions, the Nationalist Government will be constrained to adopt and enforce the most suitable measures to deal with the situation."

The Nationalists recently broke off relations with Soviet Russia, and this is fair warning to any other government seeking to interfere in Chinese domestic affairs.

A declaration of a desire to deal with all important outstanding cases in a spirit of fairness, on a basis of equality and mutual respect for sovereignty, concludes the statement. This is believed

Cartoons of the Week

Cartoon by Darling



The stern guardian

From Mrs. Edward H. Hawley, Bath, Me.

Kirby in the New York World



Taking to the woods

From Martha Beach, Locust Valley, N. Y.

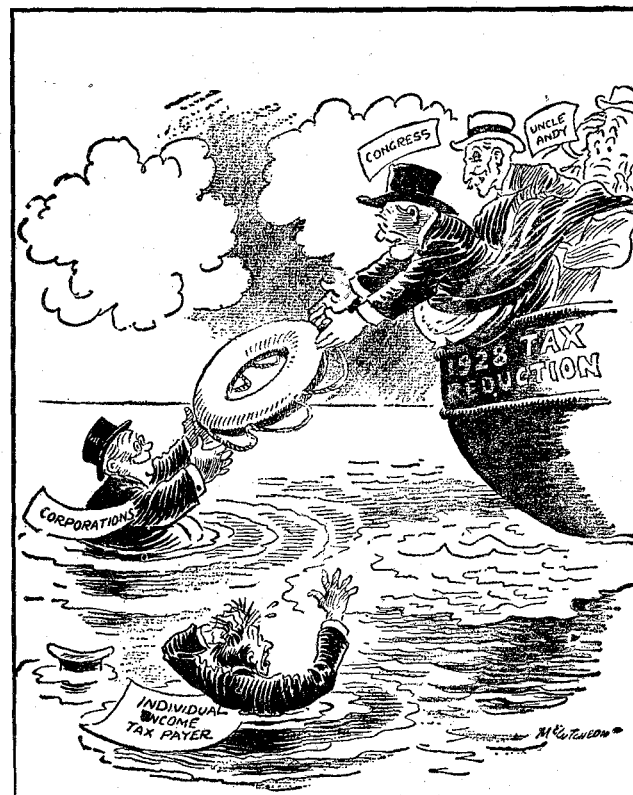
Darling in the Springfield (Massachusetts) Republican



No way to act when the neighbor's little boy comes over to play

From Harris L. Barnes, Westville, New Haven, Conn.

McCutcheon in the Boston Herald



Tax relief program for Presidential year

From J. E. Watson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

to refer to the unsettled claims of other nations for satisfaction for attacks on their citizens and damages to their property in the course of the civil war.

General Huang-fu has had governmental experience before. He was Foreign Minister in Peking in 1923, and afterward acting Premier, Envoy to Germany, and Mayor of Shanghai. With a man so minded, agreement is likely to prove easy to reach.

Pabst to Padlocks

EIGHT two-ton trucks lumbered away from a building in Milwaukee formerly used by the Pabst Brewing Company. They carried a cargo of padlocks valued at \$65,000, destined for New York. The freight car in which they were shipped was sealed with a three-foot padlock, and the key together with a note were sent by air mail to Mayor Walker. The note announced that the shipment had been properly christened by the Acting Mayor and other officials by "breaking a bottle of Milwaukee-made near beer over the largest padlock in the world that locks this car." The Mayor of Manhattan was directed to use the contents of the car as he saw best. The company which makes the padlocks has since the advent of prohibition become the largest manufacturer of such supplies in the world. Prohibition headquarters in Chicago has ordered 2,000 in two years.

He Employs Ex-Convicts

MORE than a quarter of a century ago Joseph Pensendorfer, of Camden, New Jersey, was sentenced to be hanged for the murder of his father-in-law. Two days before he was to die the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

While in prison he took up the trade of woodworker, mastering the arts of carving and inlay; he also patented devices for woodworking processes. When he was pardoned, nine months ago, he was worth \$50,000 from royalties and sales. During his years of imprisonment he dreamed of a factory where he would employ former convicts. Now the dream has come true.

"I saw them come in, serve their terms, and go out with the determination to go straight," he is quoted in the New York "Times." "Then I saw them come back licked. They had tried, but their prison records and the cops were too much for them. They would go back to crime again because there was no other road open to them."

Pensendorfer's superintendent is a pardoned murderer; his chief draftsman is a former bank clerk convicted of em-

bezzlement. Convicts from all prisons will have a chance in the factory. There are only two requirements: "Work hard to follow the straight and narrow path and quit booze entirely."

Whom Did Dr. Butler Mean?

REMARKS of the President of Columbia University at a Republican political meeting in Jersey City:

"Why are we so patient with sonorous platitudes? Why do we permit our candidates for public offices, even the highest, to be either without opinions or to content themselves with resounding phrases in undying support of the multiplication table and the moral law?"

"Imagine Lincoln concealing his views on the preservation of the Union, or Blaine failing to declare himself on foreign policy or on reciprocity, or McKinley saying nothing about the tariff, or Roosevelt uttering pious nothings, all in the hope of securing the support and the votes of those who do not think, who will not think, and who cannot think?"

The Scientist and the Doodle Bug

SCIENTIFIC and unscientific apparatus for locating from the surface and without any digging whatever underground ores, oil, coal, and "buried treasure" have at last reached the newspaper stage of exploitation. About five years ago scientists began to take general notice of these new developments. Within a year the mining journals have recognized some of them to the extent of publishing many articles about them. Still more recently the press has mentioned them. Scientific advances nearly always trickle down to the public in such a sequence as that.

What, then, is there in these alleged methods of almost miraculously locating hidden wealth? The answer comes under two categories: there are now several well-worked-out truly scientific methods of assisting in the location of ore, oil, and coal by means of apparatus of extreme delicacy. There are also numerous fakes, purporting to be scientific, by means of which the too trusting have been bilked; these are the so-called "doodle bugs."

Merely to hint at some of the true methods:

An extremely delicate apparatus called the torsion balance is attracted more strongly by the gravitation of heavy underground ores than by other rocks. Some minerals cause disturbances in the earth's magnetism which delicate magnetometers sense. Some ore bodies constantly generate natural though faint

electric currents which can be detected; in other cases currents of electricity are artificially introduced into the ground and their local distribution is studied. Radio waves are variously reflected by some ores. Artificial earth shocks made by exploding dynamite are variously reflected by deeply covered strata, and this method has already located large reserves of petroleum in Texas.

The whole subject is rather technical, and the Department of Commerce has recently issued a technical paper covering it. Modern man has conquered the sea and the air. He now begins to "see" the very rocks beneath, by means of delicate artificial senses. But the "doodle bug" which purports to find buried treasure is a fake.

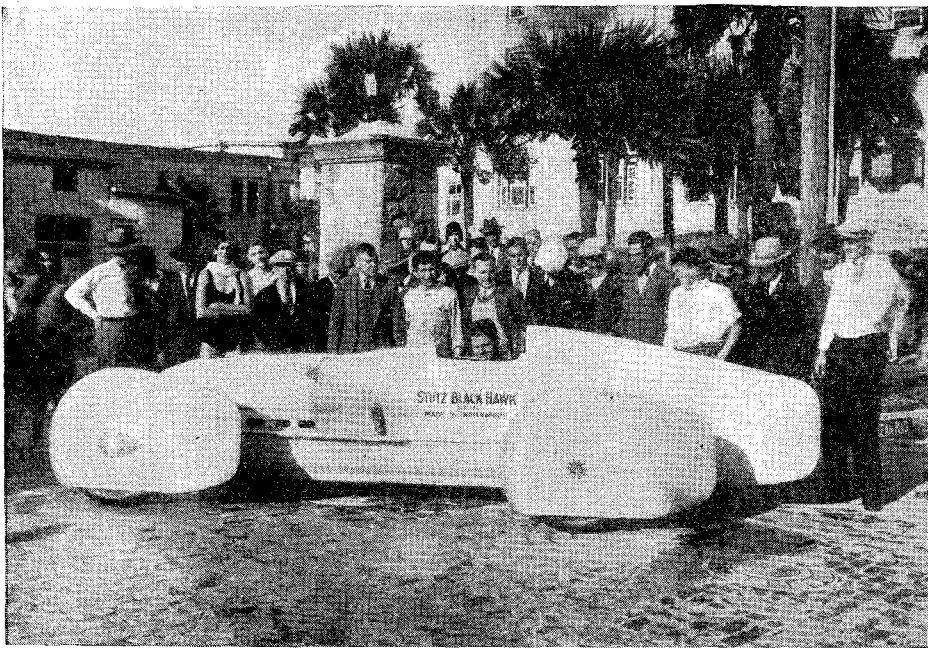
A Region's Hope in Rivers

THE inland area penetrated by the Missouri, Mississippi, Ohio, and other navigable streams is preparing for the development of aviation, and thus shows its readiness for a new form of transportation. At the same time it is eager for the revival of an old form of transportation—the restoration of rivers to their former commanding position.

It is not a return of the steamboat and the glamour of the old river days that is desired. What the region wants is waterways and lower shipping costs. It now seems assured of getting them. It is looking to river channels as dependable as railroad tracks, towboats more powerful even than the modern giant locomotive, and steel barges with a carrying capacity in a single unit of several 100-car freight trains. It does not desire these things for the purpose of replacing, but only of supplementing existing transportation.

The territory is under a double handicap. It suffers from the traditional condition of a long rail haul to seaports and from the more recent development of a greatly augmented traffic through the Panama Canal, which favors only areas adjacent to or nearer the coasts.

This situation explains the interest of the region in the proposed increase of capital stock of the Inland Waterways Corporation from \$5,000,000 to \$15,000,000 and in the extension, as soon as channel improvements warrant, of Government-operated barge lines to the Missouri, Illinois, and other tributaries of the Mississippi. The territory is impressed by the increasing tonnage handled by the Federal barge line on the lower Mississippi, in operation for more than eight years, and by the Corporation's more recent action establishing a



Acme

FRANK LOCKHART

American automobile racer, and the car that dove in the ocean at a speed of 225 miles an hour in an attempt to break Major Campbell's record on the Daytona Beach course

line on the upper river, from St. Louis to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Channel work now being pushed on the Missouri River from Kansas City to St. Louis is expected to permit of barge operation within two years; a link with Chicago through the Illinois River may be effected in about the same time; while canalization of the Ohio, from Pittsburgh to Cairo, is nearing completion.

It is in a system of waterways, composed of these and other units, that the inland territory now is placing its chief hope for commercial expansion. It is asking that the Government continue its policy of pioneering in the operation of barge lines only until the system now envisioned shall have been established.

Loops—Is the Human Race Sane?

FRONVAL, one of the most audacious fliers of France, has regained from the United States the world's record for looping the loop in an airplane. An American aviator had beaten Fronval's own previous record some days before by making 1,093 loops in six hours. Fronval—taking off in a high-powered monoplane into a clear blue sky—showed the Americans where to get off by making 1,111 loops in four minutes under five hours. That is to say, during all that time he looped the loop a little less than four times a minute. As each loop was completed a table was struck with a large hammer. When Fronval passed the American record, the assembled crowd cheered wildly. He descended from his plane smiling and de-

clared that he had enjoyed himself. Obviously, without an audience of people as interested in his accomplishment as he, any man would have found such an afternoon's diversion hardly worth the trouble.

Tennis—Lawn and Otherwise

THE French have added the crowning touch to their racket conquest in this country. Pierre Etchebaster, of Paris—a Basque—amazed the devotees of that most ancient and intricate of court games, court tennis, by taking the American championship in straight sets from Jock Soutar at the Philadelphia Racquet Club.

These men are professionals. With the solitary exception of Jay Gould, there has never been an amateur with enough mastery of this game at his command to cope with professionals. Court tennis is the original game of tennis. In fact, it is called tennis in every country but this, where we erroneously give lawn tennis this title.

This victory by a countryman of the Basque Jean Borotra, of Davis Cup fame, gives to France the American indoor and outdoor lawn tennis titles and the court tennis title. It is as complete a conquest as any nation has ever made of another in any one form of sport.

In lawn tennis the past few days have seen what apparently is a definite truce between William T. Tilden 2d and the officials of the game. Tilden wants to go early to the Davis Cup matches, while the officials elected to have them

stay here and compete in the preliminary matches in this country in order to permit the younger players to have a chance at trials.

Tilden, while still advocating an early arrival at the scene of action, has said that, if so instructed, he will stay here for the American zone play. It is possible, however, that there will be two Davis Cup teams named—one of tried veterans to be sent over early for training, and the other of promising youngsters to win its way through in this country and then permit the veterans to make the final charge in the challenge at Paris. This plan, fostered by Tilden and his doubles partner, Francis T. Hunter, would give experience to the younger players while permitting the men most likely to be named on the challenging team the benefit of an early arrival in France. The weak opposition expected in the American zone of play makes this possible.

Equals World's Record

THE swirl of winter track meets leading up to the choice of our Olympic team continues to produce interesting upsets. The latest figure to surprise the track world has been James Quinn, a senior at Holy Cross College, who equaled the world's mark of 6 1/5 seconds for the sixty-yard dash in his first heat, and then went on to win out in the final over one of the greatest fields of sprinters assembled in some time. This in the meet of the New York Athletic Club.

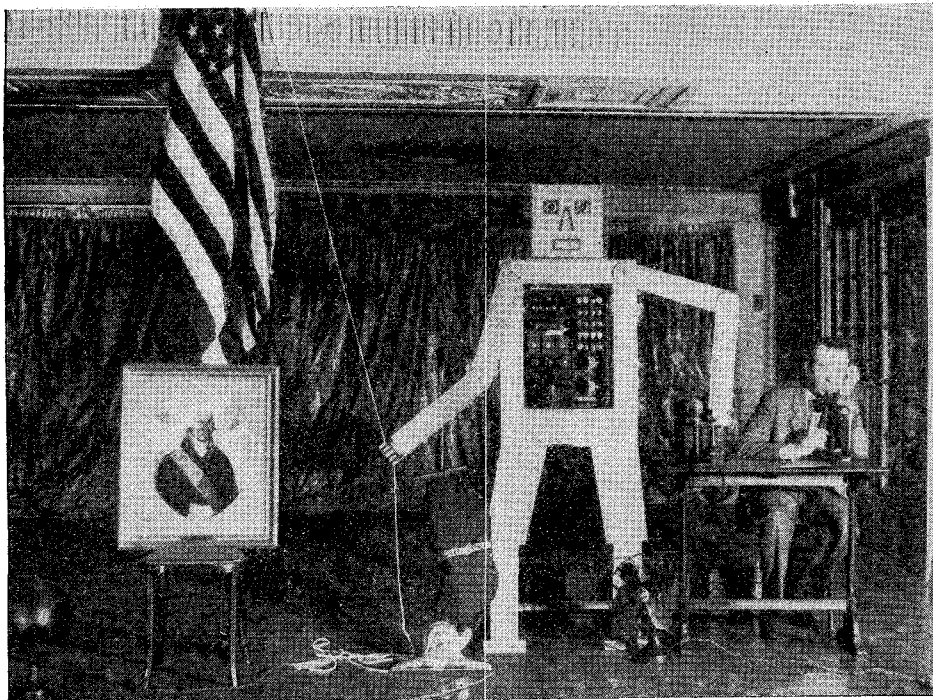
Young Quinn thus joins Ray Conger, the conqueror of Lloyd Hahn, as a wrecker of champions.

Publicity Hounds

COMMENTS on publicity by Edward W. McKernon, an officer of the Associated Press, as reported in the New York "Evening Post:"

"The most vicious, politically dangerous, and socially destructive business that modern methods have developed is the business of stealing space in the news columns of the daily press. . . . Honest publicity is a blessing. Dishonest publicity is a menace, and I would like to see every publicity crook in the penitentiary. There is an irony about this, too, that ought to be brought home to all who employ those skilled in stealing space. The newspapers are bunked occasionally, but where they are bunked once the employer is bunked a dozen times.

"I have no sympathy with the receiver of stolen goods, and if any one thinks he is buying 'influence' with the



Keystone

THE 1928 MODEL ROBOT

who unveiled a statue, started a sweeper, turned on an electric fan, and performed various other duties when commanded by telephone. This automaton, an invention of R. H. Wensley, demonstrated its skill at a dinner of the Level Club in New York City

press I hope he will pay well for his share in the futile conspiracy. But the whole rotten business ought to be publicly condemned and the parasitical publicity hound driven into the advertising columns, where he belongs."

Two Cents a Mile

BERT HINKLER, of Bundaberg, Australia, has set up a new milestone on the road to aerial progress. He flew from Croydon, London, on February 7 and arrived in Port Darwin, Australia, on February 22—11,000 miles in fifteen days. The machine in which Hinkler flew cost but \$3,500, and the total expenses for his trip were about two cents a mile. The horse-power of his engine was 80. Like Lindbergh and young Lochinvar, this new eagle "rode all alone." His record flight will long be remembered.

"Synthetic" Radium

A YEAR and a half ago the papers were full of interesting accounts of a new cathode-ray tube by means of which Dr. Coolidge, of the General Electric Company's famous research laboratories, had produced some rather peculiar if not startling effects. The more sensational writers called the emitted ray the "death ray" because it very quickly killed small animals when directed on them, and its use in war was predicted. After Dr. Coolidge had shown the scientific world

some of the fascinating capers this ray could perform it occurred to some one to ask, "What good is it?"

Like the famous Faraday, who was similarly pinned down while playing with the simple coil of wire which was destined to be the direct ancestor of the dynamo, Dr. Coolidge might also have retorted, "What good is a baby?" Instead, he has nursed the cathode-ray baby a year or more, and now he has just been showing what the growing child gives promise of: as many emitted electrons as a whole ton of radium would emit, and (unlike the electrons given off by radium) controllable at that. As there is only a handful of refined radium in all the world, it begins to look, after all, as if Dr. Coolidge's baby might amount to something when it grows up.

Any common X-ray tube will emit electrons in far larger numbers than a million dollars' worth of radium. There are, however, two reasons why these electrons cannot be used for curative purposes: they move much too slowly and they cannot get out of the X-ray tube. What Dr. Coolidge has done is to place in one end of his X-ray tube a "window" of exceedingly thin metal through which the air cannot enter but the electrons can escape. Then, finding the electrons from a single tube moving too slowly, he has placed three tubes end to end, so that the electrons from one tube are caught up and driven ahead

still faster by the next. After passing through all three tubes operated at 900,000 volts, the electrons come out moving at 175,000 miles a second—more like those shot out by radium.

It is hoped that further research will reveal a way to increase their velocity the few per cent more to bring it up equal to that of the electrons shot off from radium. There will be this difference: instead of having a limited supply, as at present, we shall have electrons in torrents. What then?

A Deadlock in Japan

THE first Japanese elections with general manhood suffrage resulted in a practical balance of forces. Nevertheless the outcome was significant, for it registered a gain for the more progressive parties and factions in the nation.

The Government party, the Seiyukai, headed by Premier Baron Tanaka, came out of the contest reduced to equality in the Diet with the chief opposition party, the Minseito. The gains of the Minseito exceeded expectations, and with its votes will go the support also of the Labor members and some other minority groups.

The Labor parties might have won enough seats to establish a clean majority against the Government if they had not cut into one another's following. But there were four of them and the many candidates split up the votes hopelessly. So they prevented more than eight from being elected—five of whom are graduates of the Imperial University. The numbers of Labor ballots polled in all indicated a potentially formidable political power awaiting better organization.

The "Million-Dollar Tooth"

STRICTLY speaking, it will not do to insinuate that the famous *Hesperopithecus haroldcookii*, who has just been deposed from his lofty throne as primate of all America, was ever thought of by scientists as directly ancestral to man. But this fossil tooth has for six years been thought of as that of a possible collateral relative at least not far from the direct grandfather relationship—a kind of racial great-uncle.

In 1922 a well-known geologist, Harold J. Cook, found on his father's ranch in Nebraska a worn, cracked, and broken fossil tooth which looked remarkably human. He sent it to the American Museum of Natural History in New York, where President Osborn concluded that it belonged to that of "a new and independent type of primate" and gave

it the name of *Hesperopithecus harold-cookii*—Harold Cook's Western ape. Of the creature which once possessed it the tooth alone was discovered, and for this reason it soon became known as the "million-dollar tooth." After several noted anthropologists had argued valiantly for its claim to the royal purple of human relationship and had pretty thoroughly committed themselves to its authenticity, some further discoveries of similar teeth, associated this time with various skeletal parts, made last summer by Mr. Albert Thompson, of the same museum, virtually forced the museum scientists to depose the pretender; Harold Cook's poor Western ape has therefore been reduced in rank to a mere *Prosthennops*, an ancestor of the plobesian peccary, a kind of pig.

To the anti-evolutionist this reversal will give glee; to the scientists who pronounced judgment perhaps a little too early, chagrin; to the public, a renewed faith in the sincerity of the man of science who dared announce that he had been wrong. That man was Dr. William K. Gregory, noted anatomist, to whom attaches among scientists a more than usual reputation for judicial detachment from everything but the evidence.

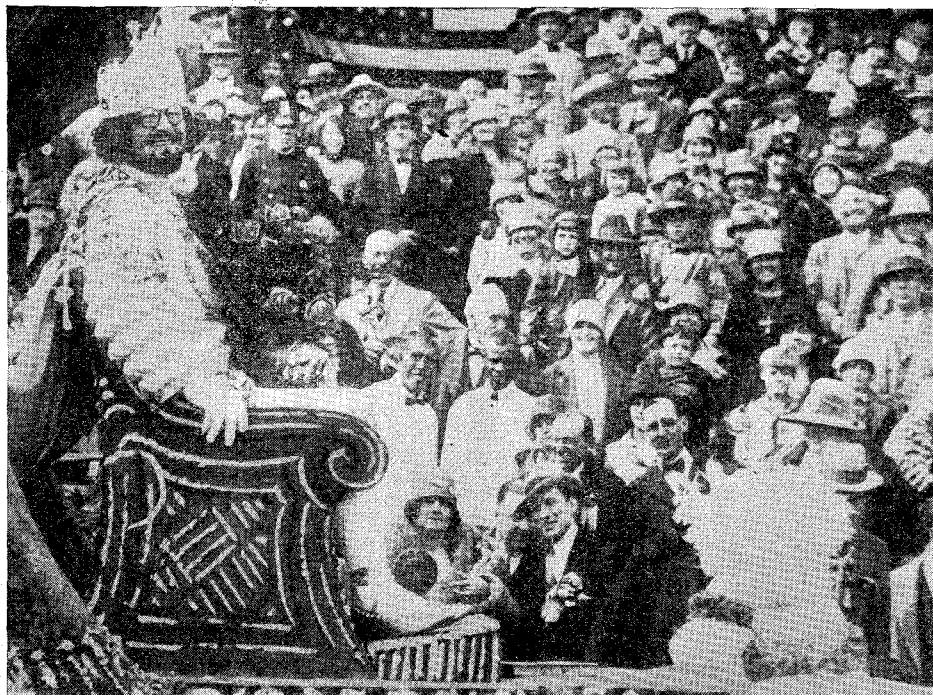
Art in a Mid-West Center

PLANS to begin soon erection of the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art in Kansas City are related to a significant art development in one of the newer industrial centers of the Middle West. They are related as well to an interesting doctrine of community obligation.

In its limited history (it was incorporated as a village of 500 only seventy-five years ago) Kansas City, like other American cities, has been concerned mainly with material advance. It now is facing a development in the field of art which, in the words of a leading citizen, "will mean more in the future of Kansas City and its territory than all the commercial enterprises of our generation."

It is in reality an art center that is to be built, for the benefit both of the city and a wide region of the Southwest. The gallery now projected is a unit in a group of buildings. For it there now is available more than \$3,000,000. For the purchase of objects of art which the building will house there is and will be available the income from a perpetual fund of \$15,000,000 to \$18,000,000, the latter representing virtually the entire estate of the late William R. Nelson.

This contribution to the city laid the foundation for the art promotion now taking form. Gifts from other members



Underwood & Underwood

JIMMIE WALKER GREET'S THE KING

Mayor Walker, of New York City, as the king of the carnival passed him during the Mardi Gras parade in New Orleans

of Mr. Nelson's family—from Mrs. Nelson, Laura Nelson Kirkwood (a daughter), and her husband (Irwin Kirkwood), all deceased—made up, with a bequest from a citizen, Frank F. Rozelle, the fund for the building itself.

In addition, there is the new home of the Kansas City Art Institute, on grounds adjacent to the gallery site. The home is the recent gift of Howard Vanderslice, a citizen, whose generosity further was exemplified a few months ago when he made his city a gift of "The Pioneer Mother," a group by A. Phimister Proctor, American sculptor.

Near the Nelson Gallery, too, will be the Atkins Museum of Fine Arts, involving an initial expenditure of about \$750,000 and representing a bequest of Mrs. Mary Atkins to the city. The Museum will receive the more modern objects of art, while the Gallery will be the repository, in the main, of the older masters.

Erratum

LEVERING TYSON, Associate Director in Charge of Home Study at Columbia University of New York, has taken exception to a number of the statements in Charles Merz's article on "Roll Your Own Diploma." One statement is certainly an error, as Mr. Merz acknowledges. Columbia has never granted and does not now grant degrees by correspondence or for any work done *in absentia*. Mr. Tyson says: "Instead of 745 correspondence courses, there are 153 courses in the Home Study curricu-

lum." The discrepancy here may be due to a misunderstanding as to what the word "course" means.

From Washington

Hoover Passes Two Ordeals

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE HERBERT HOOVER, candidate for the Republican nomination for President, has come through his two ordeals, not, perhaps, unscathed, but without giving cause for definite antagonisms.

To Senator Borah's prohibition questionnaire Secretary Hoover has replied that he does not favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and that he stands for the efficient, vigorous, and sincere enforcement of the laws enacted thereunder. "Whoever is chosen President," he said, "has under his oath the solemn duty to pursue this course. Our country has deliberately undertaken a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose. It must be worked out constructively."

In this last sentence, it was freely predicted when the reply was first made public, the wets would find consolation. The President of the National Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, however, characterized the Secretary's statements as platitudes and declared that his declaration that every President assumes the duty of vigorous and sincere enforcement was a reflection on President Coolidge. Certain sections

of the Anti-Saloon League had previously passed Mr. Hoover as acceptable. The head of the Anti-Saloon League has since expressed the hope that Mr. Hoover will amplify his statement with regard to the enforcement of the prohibition laws.

Before the Senate committee which is considering the Flood Control Bill Mr. Hoover declined to say whether or not he regarded as just that feature of the Administration plan which provides that the States in which the work is to be done shall pay twenty per cent of the cost. He did not think that there was sufficient information on which to base an answer. He believed that some plan could be worked out under which those States could, without undue hardship, bear some part of the cost, but he thought the whole question should be left open until a commission, as recently suggested by the President, had made a thorough study of it. He urged, however, that this be not made a cause of delay in enacting flood-control legislation. It would be a calamity, he said, for this session of Congress to end without the passage of an adequate flood control bill.

Flood Control

THOUGH Secretary Hoover neither indorsed nor denounced the Administration plan for flood control, it may be said that this plan, as drawn up by General Jadwin, is already in the discard. As was pointed out in *The Outlook* last week, the House committee has reported a bill which differs from that plan in almost every essential particular. Since that time Senator Jones, chairman of the Senate committee which has the matter under consideration, has advised the President that the membership of the committee is bitterly opposed to assessing the States, and that any attempt to get such a bill reported out would be futile. He assured the President that a bill would be drafted which would guard against the possibility of pork-barrel work.

The Senate committee completed its hearings with Secretary Hoover's testimony, and Senator Jones announced the committee's readiness to proceed with the drafting of a bill.

The Naval Program Slashed

ANOTHER of the Administration proposals has fared badly. The House Committee on Naval Affairs has reported a bill which, instead of providing for the seventy-one vessels requested by the Administration, provides for only

sixteen—fifteen cruisers and one aircraft carrier.

Still ignoring the Administration's desire, the Committee decided upon a definite completion date for the vessels. Laying down may be done at any time within three years, but all of the vessels must be completed within six years. The Administration had asked for a bill which would fix no limit as to time.

Still "Drafting" Coolidge

WHILE Congress thus disregarded the wishes of the Administration, the draft-Coolidge ghost bobbed up again. Though few of the newspaper correspondents used it, the report was current in Washington that a secret meeting of Republican Senators had decided to place Mr. Coolidge's name before the Convention. There was no intimation as to whether or not the President knew of the meeting.

Entirely independently of that alleged meeting, the President did see a number of Senators, and it was remarked that he received with unusual cordiality those who spoke against the La Follette anti-third-term resolution. So assiduously do political prognosticators look for straws in a gentle breeze.

On the Trail of Oil

THREE developments have brought the oil proceedings to something approaching a culmination. In one division of the District of Columbia Supreme Court Justice Bailey dismissed the habeas corpus proceeding of Robert W. Stewart, Chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, and remanded him to the custody of the Senate to answer at its bar for contempt. That was the first development. In another division of the same court—and this was the second development—Justice Siddons found the Fall-Sinclair jury shadowers guilty of contempt.

Harry F. Sinclair was sentenced to six months in jail; Henry Mason Day, Sinclair's confidential associate, to four months; W. J. Burns, head of the Burns Detective Agency, to fifteen days; and W. Sherman Burns, of the same agency, was fined \$1,000.

All of the cases were appealed and will doubtless go to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The third development was that the Senate Public Lands Committee succeeded in tracing \$763,000 of the Continental Trading Company's profits to H. M. Blackmer, who has been in retirement in Europe since the naval oil scandal broke. The Committee has now

accounted for \$1,932,000 of the \$3,080,000 of profits made by the Continental.

Representative Cordell Hull, former Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, appeared to testify that his Committee did not receive any of the bonds in question or any contribution of any kind from Harry F. Sinclair. He took advantage of the opportunity to deny the compliment that the Democratic Party was able to accumulate a deficit of \$600,000. The deficit, he said, never amounted to more than \$186,000.

A Pleasant Way Out

IF rumors are to be credited, the Borgias, when they found it necessary to be rid of a troublesome public servant, poisoned him. The czars, under similar circumstances, provided free transportation to the salt mines of Siberia. American rulers have a better plan. They give the troublesome party a Federal judgeship.

Representative William R. Green, of Iowa, has long been an assiduous public servant, particularly as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House. In this and the preceding Congress, however, he has sponsored two tax-reduction bills not to the liking of the Administration. The first one did not matter a great deal, but the one pending is serious.

And now Mr. Green is appointed to the United States Court of Claims for life. He will resign from the House as soon as his appointment to the judgeship has been confirmed by the Senate. Representative Hawley, of Oregon, will, presumably, succeed him as Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means.

Reeds in the Political Wind

THE Cousins Reed of the Senate are again in the headlines. David A., of Pennsylvania, involved in a hot contest to retain his seat by re-election, involved also in a Mellon-Vare row in State politics, has decided to withdraw from the race for delegate to the Republican National Convention and to dictate the selection of Secretary of Labor Davis in his stead.

James A., of Missouri, is touring the West in an effort to accomplish two things—first, to convict the Republican Party of high crimes, and, second, to convince the Democratic Party that a Democrat who did not support the last Democratic Administration would be a good man for the Democrats to nominate for President in 1928.

It comes to *The Outlook's* Washington



Herbert crosses the railroad tracks

correspondent on the highest official Democratic authority that James A., of Missouri, spoke to fifty people in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Tours at Government Expense

THE House of Representatives has endorsed a Gold Star pilgrimage. The President, in co-operation with the American Red Cross, is authorized—if and when the Senate concurs—to send the mothers and widows of World War soldiers buried overseas to the ceme-

teries of France at Government expense. Of the widows, only those who have remained so would be entitled to go. Stops would be limited to about a week, except under unusual circumstances. Tours would be permitted at any time within three years from July 1 of this year.

In the quite liberal pension legislation pertaining to the War of '61, nothing like this was ever included. It should be remembered, however, that the Senate does not always find time to finish what the House begins.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

SENATOR BORAH can be counted upon, once in so often, to come forward with a proposal that looks peaceful and is packed with political dynamite. This time it is a resolution for complete restatement and recodification of the laws of the sea in time of war. To the average American that may sound unexciting. Yet remember that most of the serious trouble the United States has had with Great Britain has arisen over the question of the freedom of the seas.

In the years of the World War before the United States entered it, any one must recall, there was constant exchange

of notes between Washington and London over British interference with American shipping and the treatment of American vessels seized by the British navy in attempts to run the blockade that the Allies were throwing around Germany. But difficulties like this come up only in war time, and in peace time we tend to forget. To take up the question now is a move of far-seeing and fundamental statesmanship—so fundamental that I suppose it will be hard to arouse much American interest.

The British are very much awake to the issue and very much concerned by the American conception of the high seas

as a fairway for all. Great Britain contends that control of the sea in time of war is vital to her existence. And every one knows the jest about altering the British anthem from "Britannia Rules the Waves" to "Britannia Waives the Rules." But thoughtful British leaders recognize the need to reconsider the whole system of international maritime law, and a member of Parliament even recommended recently that Great Britain abandon her theory of blockade and the right of search.

Senator Borah holds that maritime law broke down completely during the World War, and that consequently there are no binding agreements today in regard to the rights of neutrals, the status of belligerents, and contraband. He argues that the leading Powers owe it to the cause of peace to bring about a thoroughgoing revision before the conference on limitation of armaments in 1931. That is a fair order for some committee. Whatever you think of Borah, you must admit that his mind sometimes works down to the bed-rock of world relations.

EDUARD BENES, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, has been called the diplomatic architect of eastern Europe. The "Little Entente" alliance, in which his nation is associated with Yugoslavia and Rumania, is largely his achievement—as is the understanding between his Government and Poland. Since Czechoslovakia emerged as a free state from the ruins of Austria-Hungary he has wrought ceaselessly for the future safety of his country. Now he is advancing the idea of a "Central European Locarno" and an extension of the "Little Entente" to include Austria and Hungary, formerly the dominant states in the Empire of which the Czechs were vassals.

It is a bold conception—and one not without obvious difficulties, both in the repugnance of some Austrian and Hungarian statesmen to such a relation with nations they were wont to regard as inferiors and in the influence of Germany on Austria. One of the main objectives of the move proposed by M. Benes would be to forestall an eventual German-Austrian union. If it should succeed, his scheme would amount to a practical reconstruction of the old Hapsburg Federation along democratic lines. As such it will certainly be opposed by Italy, whose leaders would see in it a threat to Italian interests in the Adriatic and Albania.

It is not insignificant, in this connec-

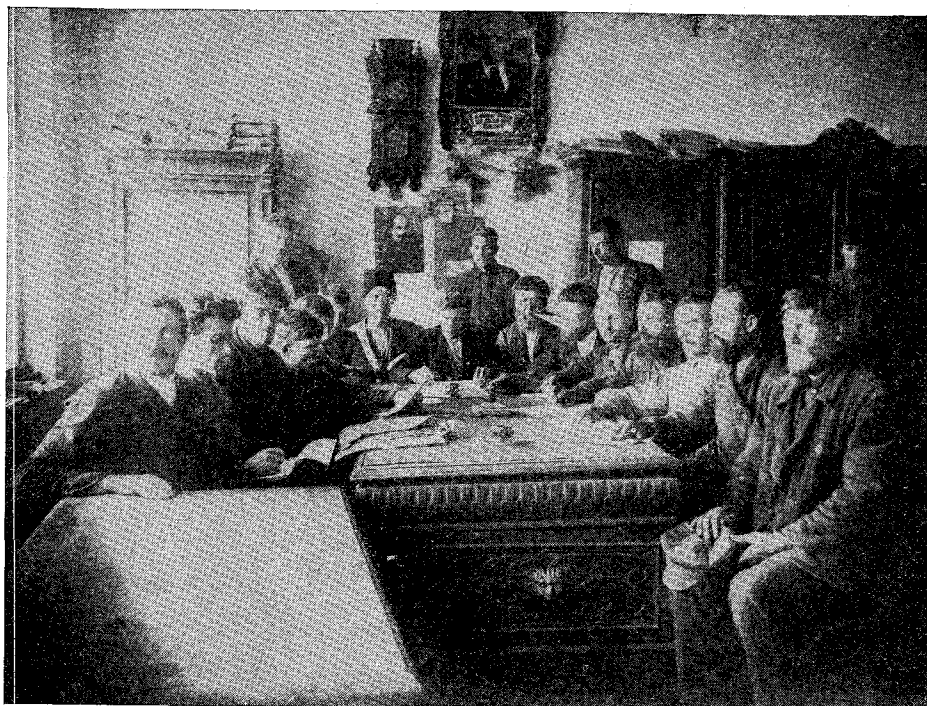
tion that Chancellor Seipel, of Austria, recently made a trip to Prague, the capital of Czechoslovakia, to lecture on "The World Outlook and National Spirit" and—incidentally—to discuss questions of state with Minister Benes and President Masaryk. He later made a speech in the Vienna Parliament sharply criticising Italian treatment of Austrians in the annexed region that Italy calls the upper Adige and Austria the southern Tyrol. Italian opinion is much incensed by Chancellor Seipel's attack. Mussolini has called home his envoy from Vienna for conference. At the same time he has been conciliating Hungary—too far removed to have lost territory to Italy, but resentful against Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia and Rumania—as a means of strengthening his hand in southeastern Europe.

WHAT NEED there is for constructive statesmanship of the sort M. Benes is showing recent developments have made clear.

Summon to mind that shipment of machine guns detected on its way to Hungary from Italy, a few weeks ago, labeled "agricultural implements." The "Little Entente" demanded an inquiry by the League of Nations into the affair as a possible violation of the peace treaties—the secret arming of a former enemy from the territory of a former ally. Both Hungary and Italy opposed any action by the League.

Then came news that the machine guns had been scrapped, apparently by order of the Hungarian Government. Coupled with this were reports that the Hungarian Government had acted upon a request of the Italian Government—and that this was not the first, but the tenth of such shipments, the others having got through unsuspected. It was even rumored that the guns were of former Austrian manufacture, and were captured at the Battle of Vittorio Veneto, when the Italians routed the Austrian army.

The League called upon Hungary to halt the contemplated sale of the destroyed guns. Count Bethlen, the Hungarian Premier, replied that he could not prohibit the sale, but would advise the purchasers to leave the scrap iron for the League investigators to see. It is said that the number of guns scrapped was two thousand—enough to equip fifty regiments. The maximum allowed Hungary under the peace treaty is enough for ten regiments. Evidently some one has been playing a game worthy of a conspirator in one of the more sensational novels of European intrigue.



Wide World

CHANGING RUSSIA

New communities, settled by emigrants from the crowded towns of Russia proper, are springing up in the comparatively uninhabited sections of Siberia and Turkestan. They are governed by town councils such as this, which is made up of the presidents of seventeen village soviets, called together to discuss methods of accelerating the delivery of grain from the peasants. The black-draped portrait of Lenin which may be seen on the wall bears the inscription, "Lenine is dead, but his work goes on"

The whole affair is cloudy and ominous, and the one thing certain is that it will provide an uncomfortable test of League strength when the Council meets in March.

TRUE to the tradition of Latin Europe that South America is antagonistic to the United States and sympathetic to the nations of Latin culture across the Atlantic, the semi-official "Temps" of Paris argues that the Pan-American Conference at Havana shows the intention of the Latin-American republics to fight "Yankee imperialism." The new arbitration treaty between France and the United States recognizes the Monroe Doctrine. So it is curious to find a paper which undoubtedly takes editorial hints from the Foreign Office on the Quai d'Orsay declaring that Washington "cannot transform the Monroe Doctrine, originally a doctrine of defense against further conquests by European Powers, into a system of forced domination by North Americans." The speeches of Mr. Hughes apparently sounded hollow to European political observers who assume them to be insincere. The "Martin" similarly asserts that the real Pan-American problems were not solved, but postponed. What Europe fears—and France particularly—is a sort of Ameri-

can League as an offset to the League of Nations. But there is no evidence that the United States wants to push along that line. On the contrary, the attempt has been to keep the Pan-American Union a non-political body.

JOSÉ MARIA MONCADA, who led the army of the Liberal rebels in Nicaragua last year against the Conservative Government of President Diaz, and who made the truce agreement with Colonel Henry L. Stimson that ended the civil war, is to be the Liberal candidate this fall in the elections for President. This is the best evidence that the pledge of President Coolidge's representative to guarantee fair elections is relied upon in good faith. General Chamorro, the former dictator who overthrew the preceding Government and whom the United States refused to recognize, and some of his followers have been impeding the passage through the Nicaraguan Congress of the law to provide for control of the elections by United States officers. And in the northern hills the bandit chief Sandino, formerly a Liberal commander, is still making trouble for the marines. But the nomination of Moncada shows that the Nicaraguans expect the elections will take place as scheduled.

Exit Greeley : Enter Stuart

A Personal Letter from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

I THINK that natural ease of manner is probably artificial. Perhaps no man can have it unless he has cultivated it.

I am thinking generally of Washington officialdom and particularly of the directing force of the Forest Service.

Gifford Pinchot, the first Chief Forester, had naturalness and ease. Despite added academic degrees and political gradations, he still has—or had last spring when I slogged through the flood with him in Louisiana.

Harry Graves, who succeeded Pinchot, had it or not, as he liked. I had almost said that it depended upon the suit of clothes he happened to be wearing, but that would not be true, because the suit was tailored to the exigencies of the occasion.

Then Greeley. I suppose Greeley has a first name. He must have had something of the kind before he acquired the title of Colonel, and he got that as late as 1917. But I have never heard him called by a first name. In print Greeley is preceded by the symbols W. B., but in conversation he is Greeley with no prefix, or the Colonel with no suffix. Or he is the Forester. If we had acquired in this country the Scotch instead of the English vernacular, he might have been The Greeley. He has been the high hat in the tall timber.

But that is not "front." It is Greeley, quite as natural as, if not more so than, the naturalness of another man. And that is the point. Put a peg in there.

Now Greeley goes, as of May 1, and Stuart comes, as of the same date, the fourth Forester in the line of succession.

I had never seen Stuart until yesterday. He was out of town for seven years, and I have been out most of the few months since he returned. But he wears the title of Major. Rather, he does not. He has it hanging on a hook in his closet. But I did not know that latter fact, and so went to a subordinate to have an appointment arranged. That subordinate picked up the inside telephone. Without any wait for the flurrying of flunkies, he called, "Say, Bob—Dix Merritt wants to come down to see you."

I went down to see him—just to see

him. We smoked. And swapped memories of Rufe Maddux planting blacklocust sprouts on a gully bank. And of other things. And that is enough to say personally of Major Robert Y. Stuart, the incoming Chief Forester of the United States.

Except for the fact that he is eminently qualified for the position, I do not know how Major Robert Y. Stuart came to be appointed Chief Forester to administer the Government's 150,000,000 acres of forest (and other) land. It was not ordered that way when, three years or so ago, it became likely that Colonel Greeley would be leaving to join the lumber industry. Paul G. Reddington was brought in from the post of a district forester in the West and made heir-apparent to the empire.

Stuart was then with Pinchot in Pennsylvania—one of the few States that has done something in the way of State forests—where he served for almost seven years, first as assistant to Pinchot, and then, when Pinchot became Governor, as chief of the Department of Forests and Waters.

I do not know what happened in the Department of Agriculture, or why. But Reddington was side-tracked from the empire by being given a principality—the chiefship of the Bureau of Biological Survey. Stuart came back into the Forest Service and was placed in charge of public relations.

And now he succeeds to the empire.

There is to be no change in policy. Everybody about the Forest Service says that. Did not Pinchot lay down the policies at the outset? And has not everybody carried them out? True!

But there will be changes in practices. I say that on no authority whatever. I read it in the faces of the outgoing and the incoming Chief Forester.

Greeley, I guess, thinks in terms of forests. Stuart, I surmise, thinks in terms of trees. There is a difference. For instance: You can plant trees. But who can plant a forest?

Greeley has rendered a service to the National Forests that perhaps no other man could have rendered. He has had

his faults, but every set of virtues has its accompanying particular set of vices. Stuart will render a service to forestry distinct from that which his predecessor has rendered.

Not all of the lumber that America will need can be grown in forests, certainly not in National Forests. Theoretically, our timber acreage should be 470,000,000. The empire of the National Forests contains but 150,000,000 acres, and a great deal of that is grazing land, and desert, and bald mountaintops. The 320,000,000 acres must be in State forests, municipal forests, farm wood-lots—very largely in that last. And the National Forests must do their part by growing trees.

In short, unless the United States is to become a treeless country, it must become tree-minded. And that is where Stuart's peculiar service will come in, I think.

I do not believe he will ever make an emperor. But I think it is in him to be a great practitioner and teacher of forestry on a National scale.

And Greeley, not lost to forestry because he leaves the Forest Service, will doubtless help a great deal. He goes to the West Coast Lumber Manufacturers Association in a capacity not yet announced. Presumably, his job is to make the big lumber companies practice forestry. The great fir forest fits his flare. If he is more the lumberman than most foresters are, he is also more the forester than most lumbermen are. And when the sawmill stops converting into ashes what it cannot convert into lumber the permanent forest area of the United States will have been increased by a couple of hundred million acres or so.

I guess that the practice of forestry in the United States has made a distinct advance. And I guess that, by its advance, it has gone back pretty close to where it was at its inception.

The fact that all Foresters of recent times have had military titles may be rather a surprise to most readers. Nevertheless they came by their titles honestly. Graves, Greeley, and Stuart were all officers in the American Expeditionary Forces, commanding sawmill and timber troops in France.

Hoover on Prohibition

HERBERT HOOVER has placed himself directly in opposition to all who are intolerant on the subject of prohibition.

One sign of intolerance is the effort to discredit the motives of those with whom one disagrees. The intolerant among the opponents of prohibition are prone to ascribe to all prohibitionists fanaticism, selfish class interest, or other motives equally unworthy. Mr. Hoover places himself outside of that group of the intolerant by announcing his belief that the adoption of prohibition was "noble in motive."

Another sign of intolerance is the assumption of final wisdom to one's own party or group, or to some plan or institution which one supports, and resistance to any discussion of its merits. The intolerant among the supporters of prohibition are prone to consider it final, an ultimate solution of an old problem, a complete and irrevocable banishment of an ancient evil, a sacred ark on which no man should lay his hands, an institution beyond the pale of change or even discussion. Mr. Hoover places himself outside of that group of the intolerant by calling prohibition a "social and economic experiment."

But there is another sign of intolerance. It is the sign of what may be called passive intolerance—the intolerance of the indifferent who do not wish to be disturbed, who resent new ideas, who insist that well enough be let alone. There are those who nurse intolerance of this kind among both the sup-

porters and opponents of prohibition. Among the supporters of prohibition, the intolerant of this kind are content with the law on the statute-books, but regard as nuisances those who want something effective done about its enforcement and observance. Among the opponents of prohibition, the intolerant of this kind are content with conditions under lax enforcement and observance and regard as nuisances those who want something done about the law. Mr. Hoover places himself outside of both of those groups by saying that the problem of prohibition "must be worked out constructively."

It is an error, we think, to divide the people of the country into merely two classes, the wets and the drys—those, on the one hand, who will be satisfied with nothing but repeal and those, on the other hand, who will listen to no solution but rigid and more rigid enforcement. Between the two is a great mass of citizens who are satisfied that the old legalized saloon is gone but are not satisfied with the conditions that have taken its place, who are open-minded to any reasonable discussion, who realize that no human institution is perfect and yet are not ready to abandon an existing one till a better one appears, who are willing to ascribe to others the sort of motives that they would like others to ascribe to them, who are seeking now not so much a new program as a knowledge of the facts, and who wish to find a way out consistent alike with individual liberty and the common welfare. It is of these that Mr. Hoover is the spokesman.

Myth and Truth at Havana

IN the United States, Latin America is usually represented as united by hatred and suspicion of Uncle Sam. And in Latin America the United States is often depicted as grasping, imperialistic, and ruthless. Now the Americas have met again in conference and parted better friends than they came. That is the solid gain from the Pan-American Conference at Havana.

Foes and friends of American solidarity, both in Europe and in North and South America, are assessing the results of the Conference and asserting that either little or much was accomplished—according to their temperaments and desires. But neither detractions nor exaggerations conceal the fact that the Conference has blown away many misunderstandings and created a more cordial sentiment in the American hemisphere.

The recorded results of the gathering may not sound spectacular—reorganization of the Pan-American Union on a basis safeguarding it from the dangers of political tasks and entanglements; a beginning in the codification of international law; a first agreement for the establishment of obligatory arbitration of disputes, to be worked out further in a conference at Washington next year. Added to these is the adjustment of various important matters outside the realm of politics but nevertheless vital to the interests of the populations of both continents—a draft agreement to regulate intercontinental aviation, modeled after the European air convention adopted

at Paris in 1919, and understandings with regard to a Pan-American railroad and a Pan-American highway.

Further, there were some significant negative results in the abandonment of debate on certain questions concerning primarily the United States—intervention, immigration, and protective tariffs. On the first issue Mr. Hughes won the day by his sincere argument that the United States seeks and will seek no territorial aggrandizement in countries disturbed by civil strife where it interposes its force, but only protection of foreign residents and their property and restoration of representative government. And he turned the tables on his opponents in regard to restricted immigration and protective tariffs by taking the assertion they used to decry intervention—that the sovereignty of every nation must be respected—and applying it to the right of each nation to determine its own immigration and tariff policies.

Perhaps the most revealing outcome of the Conference was its disclosure that Latin America is not a unit opposed to the United States. Some Latin-American republics voted against the United States and some voted with it. And the blocks of votes shifted with varying issues. In other words, the Latin-American states are not a solid body feeling and thinking childishly alike; they are mature countries with the same sorts of differences between them that exist between other countries. When such a group of neighbor nations can adjust diffi-

culties and plan out a working scheme of amicable relations for a hemisphere, there is more hope for the future than if they all acted together without having the experience and judgment to arrive at independent policies.

The great achievement of the Conference lies in creating an atmosphere in which it is possible to discuss causes of dispute and approach real solutions.

Mrs. Bertrand Russell vs. the University of Wisconsin

MRS. BERTRAND RUSSELL, wife of Bertrand Russell, whose article appears in this issue of *The Outlook*, has found the open sesame to the front page. She has been denied, she says, the right to appear on a public platform by those who are in disagreement with her views. President Glenn Frank, of the University of Wisconsin, whom she holds responsible for this denial, presents a different version of the incident from that of her own. In a despatch to the New York "World" he says:

Neither the present existence nor the future guaranty of free speech for students and teachers at the University of Wisconsin is in any way involved in the Dora Russell episode.

My advice in the matter, which I declined to give until after members of the student committee had expressed their own doubt and reluctance respecting the lecture, rested upon one consideration and one only—that the discussion and advocacy of free sexual relations both before and after marriage is an enterprise that good taste and a sense of propriety suggest should be staged elsewhere than before a mixed audience in a co-educational institution.

President Frank goes on to draw a not very happy comparison between taking a bath in a glass bath-tub and lecturing on sex before a mixed audience.

This is the way in which Mrs. Russell views the situation:

This insult to my personal integrity is unpardonable, especially as Frank's references to taking his bath in public show that his own mind is tortured by a sense of impropriety where the human body is concerned.

The younger generation do not feel this, but are besmirched by the attitude of their elders and forced to poisonous secrecy by prohibitions.

The younger generation was never so much in need of honest and sincere discussion of these problems. It is absolutely necessary to give them new values, as I am trying to do in speech and writing.

It may be debatable whether the hindsight of the student council and of President Frank was justified by the character of the lecture which Mrs. Russell proposed to deliver. Certainly it is not debatable that the University would have avoided a great deal of unpleasant notoriety and Mrs. Russell's ideas would have been deprived of a great deal of publicity if it had permitted her, when once invited, to appear as scheduled. The decision to invite her would have been a question of good taste or a question of whether or not she had anything really valuable to offer. The invitation, once withdrawn, immediately made her a martyr in the cause of free speech—a distinction to which she is not entitled.

It is rather amusing to find that while the controversy over Mrs. Russell rages in the press and while President Glenn

Frank is defending his exclusion of Mrs. Russell from the University halls, Columnist Glenn Frank, who writes a syndicated daily feature for the press, takes occasion to quote with approval the following phrases of Thoreau:

The wisest man preaches no doctrines; he has no scheme; he sees no rafter, not even a cobweb, against the heavens. It is clear sky.

No way of thinking or doing, however ancient, can be trusted without proof.

How vain to try to teach youth or anybody truths. They can only learn them after their own fashion, and when they are ready.

If I were consciously to join any party, it would be that which is the most free to entertain thought.

Fresh air is the surest poison that has yet been discovered for half-baked ideas. In fact, it is more than a poison, for it exercises a selective power between half-baked and well-baked ideas which the wisest of any generation cannot individually possess.

Science Means Change

SCIENCE has produced a new concept of the atom, called this time the Schrodinger atom.

A generation ago we heard a great deal of the "vortex" atom. Within recent years the Bohr atom, consisting of a nucleus with tiny electrons whirling around it in circular orbits, has seemed pretty definitely established. The newest trend in the ever-changing atomic concept seems to involve a sort of sphere.

Try to imagine a sphere constantly in wave motion internally, like a ball of jelly, and sometimes giving off pieces of itself, forming electrons; this is something of the idea of the Schrodinger atom. What is it made of? No one knows yet, but, in the last analysis, this atom concept reduces to something electrical—Schrodinger uses the term "electric density" and lets it go at that, because there is not as yet enough experimental background to permit being more specific. However, it begins to look as if matter resolved itself into something not material, an idea which would delight Plato were he here.

The alert reader will do well to keep an eye on the new atom concept of Schrodinger and de Broglie and its "wave mechanics," terms which are sure to get into the newspapers and magazines with increasing frequency from now on. What often irritates the layman and causes him to accuse the scientist of inconsistency, of fickleness, and of dogmatism concerning the current concepts of science is mainly the fault of the narrowly instructed and sensation-hunting types of hack writers who attempt to popularize science. When scientists formulate and discuss among themselves a new concept such as the Schrodinger atom, it is understood that it is tentative and subject to further change as knowledge accumulates from experiment. But writers—and certain temperamentally cocksure scientists, too—pass it on to the public as if it were finally established fact. However, science is *never* finally established; it is *always* open to change; and it makes no bones about it. And that is the chief value of it. Always before in the world everything has tended to become set, fixed, static. When science gets that way, its usefulness will have ceased.

My Own View of Marriage

THE subject of marriage is a much more complicated one than seems to be generally thought by those who write about it. There are, broadly speaking, two views, both of which are widely held but neither of which appears to me to have any validity. There is the romantic view, embodied in fairy tales, according to which the prince and princess marry and live happy ever after; this is the view which has led to the frequency of divorce, for as soon as the couple are not living happy ever after he comes to the conclusion that it was not the princess and she that it was not really the prince; then each makes another experiment, probably equally unsuccessful. And the reason of the repeated failures is that both have had an entirely impossible conception of what the relation between two people can be.

Then there is the view, expressed with brutal frankness by St. Paul, that "it is better to marry than to burn;" in this view, sexual pleasure is wholly regrettable, but human nature is so weak that few will forego it wholly; marriage, however, can be relied upon to reduce the pleasure to a minimum and to turn husband and wife into mutual policemen. This view describes itself as the belief that marriage is a sacrament.

Each of these opposing views is too extreme, the one in that it regards pleasure as the end of life, the other since it thinks the same of the prevention of pleasure. Pleasure in itself is a good, but not a very important good, and it cannot satisfactorily be made the end of life because it does not entail progressive activity. To achieve happiness it is necessary to have some end never completely realized, but always in process of realization. Ambition, parental affection, scientific curiosity, artistic creativeness, supply such activities; a man or woman who is absorbed in one of these and is not wholly unsuccessful can achieve a measure of happiness; but a man or woman who lives for pleasurable moments is certain, ultimately, to be the prey of unendurable boredom.

It is in this respect that marriage is distinguished from temporary extramarital relations. Marriage is complicated, owing to the fact that it involves two very diverse elements—the relation of the man and woman to each

By **BERTRAND RUSSELL**

Bertrand Russell is the well-known social experimenter and student of scientific, political, and humanistic philosophies. His view of marriage is, briefly, that the old morality upon which it was founded had a basis that was not rational; that the newer absence of morality tends to sweep away all that has real value in the relations of men and women; and that what is needed is a new morality, not less serious than the old, but based upon a truer psychology and a just appreciation of human needs.

other, and the relation to their children. (Where there are no children the essence of marriage is absent.) In a happy marriage the husband and wife love each other and their children, and their love for each other is fulfilled, not merely in sex, but in co-operation for their children; this is a motive which in decent people survives at moments when mere pleasure has lost its vividness, or when perhaps some psychological strain has introduced difficulties into the merely personal aspects of the relation. But when marriage is wholly successful, the satisfaction which it affords is extraordinarily complete, since the sexual and parental instincts co-operate to reinforce each other.

It is at the production of such marriages that laws and morals ought to aim. This end is certainly not achieved by the conventional ethics which maintain that two wholly inexperienced people should enter upon an indissoluble relation; to find a person with whom one can live harmoniously through life is not easy, and is all but impossible to the totally inexperienced, who cannot distinguish sex hunger from the deeper affection which will survive satisfaction and be intensified by it. There should, therefore, be experience before marriage, both for men and women; there must also be the possibility of dissolving marriage for grave cause. The conventional view, however, as to what constitutes grave cause is, to my mind, wholly mistaken. Occasional adultery on either side is quite compatible with deep and lasting affection, and if this were gener-

ally realized jealousy would not nearly so often wreck the happiness of married people, as it does at present. Jealousy is, of course, rooted in instinct, but the occasions which bring it into play depend very largely upon beliefs and social conventions. What is expected does not cause the same jealousy as what is unexpected, and jealousy becomes far more terrible when it is reinforced by the belief that a sin has been committed. I do not say that the control of jealousy is altogether easy, but it is certainly not more difficult than lifelong faithfulness to one person. It would be absurd to pretend that a happy or decent life is possible without self-control, but I maintain that a large part of the necessary self-control should go into the curbing of jealousy, whereas conventional morality regards jealousy as wholly admirable. I am not, however, advocating unfaithfulness; I am merely advocating a tolerant attitude to it when it occurs.

There are, however, other causes sufficiently grave to call for the dissolution of a marriage in spite of the harm that may be done to children; among the more obvious of these I should mention insanity, crime, and habitual drunkenness. Where such things exist in one partner to a marriage, it is better for the children that that partner should not have access to them. There are other situations in which divorce might be desirable, but they are very difficult to define with legal precision. When the parents hate each other, they are apt to institute a competition for the children's affections; this produces an atmosphere which is almost bound to create grave nervous disorders in the children, for whom, therefore, divorce is as desirable as it is for their parents. I do not quite know how such cases can be brought within the purview of the law except through the vague idea of incompatibility, which amounts, in effect, to divorce by mutual consent. Probably in fact divorce by mutual consent, given a right public opinion, would do less harm than the continuance of a marriage which has become nothing but a legal bondage. It should, however, be recognized that wherever there are children it shows a failure of self-control and a lack of parental responsibility in one, if not both partners, when they cannot so adjust their differences as to co-operate

in regard to the welfare of their children.

What is of real importance in a successful marriage is the merging of the ego in a wider unit. That man and wife are one flesh should be something more than a mere phrase; there should be an instinctive physical sympathy as the substructure upon which mental companionship is built. Modern men and women are much too much inclined to a certain hardness and completeness of the ego. In a great many marriages, even when they are not unhappy, there is no profound interpenetration, no merging of the individual life into a wider, more satisfying common existence. It is in this merging that the real excellence of marriage consists, and where it is absent no profound happiness can exist. Although many people resist this breaking down of the walls of self, it is nevertheless a profound human need, and where it is not corrected there will be a sense of dissatisfaction, of which the causes will very likely remain unknown. But where this complete union has been achieved it extends also to the children, towards whom parental love will be free and spontaneous and not tainted with jealousy. This result is not to be achieved without generosity, fearlessness, and passion, three things at which the traditional moralist looks askance. There must be no attempt to fetter one's partner, no fear of the possible pain to which one exposes one's self by a complete abandonment to love, no inhibition of passion as the result of a niggardly morality.

One of the difficulties in all modern civilization is the association of well-regulated and orderly conduct with personal prudence. Personal prudence carried beyond a point is death to all the finer qualities and all the spiritual joys that life has to offer. It is for this reason that all the great mystics have inveighed against it; "cast thy bread upon the waters;" "take no thought for the morrow;" "he that loseth his life shall find it"—all these are condemnations of prudence. Yet it would be impossible to carry through marriage and the care of young children without prudence. I think there is, however, a distinction to be made between the prudence which is personal and concerned with avoiding hurt to one's self, and that other prudence which springs from love and is concerned with avoiding hurt to the object of affection. Personal prudence in marriage means the certainty of missing all that gives importance to marriage as an enrichment of the individual life; but prudence in regard to the welfare of

one's children is clearly one of the most imperative duties, though even this may be overridden by some great public need.

The psychological difference between the two kinds of prudence is clear, since one has its root in fear, the other in love; unfortunately, the prudence which is rooted in fear has been much reinforced by conventional morality. We think better of a man who grows rich than of a man who grows poor, of a woman incapable of love than of a woman seduced. In all this our outlook is lacking in courage and magnanimity, and this is at the basis of a very large number of matrimonial troubles. Not infrequently husband and wife begin their married life with a determination on each side to preserve as much privacy as possible, the wife aiming at privacy chiefly in physical matters, the husband in matters concerned with his business; in this way an attitude of mutual antagonism grows up and there is never that complete surrender to a common life out of which alone a true marriage can grow. People have some strange notion that there is something sacred about their individuality, and so they tend to make the sex relation trivial and purely physical instead of being a profound and fructifying union of two whole persons. This may be connected with the individualism that has grown up from the Christian doctrine of personal salvation as opposed to the more primitive belief in the family.

MAN is a complex creature, but his life should be built upon a basis of instinct, using this word not in its technical sense, but in the broader sense common in popular usage. Sex, parenthood, and power are the chief instinctive passions, and much harm has come through confused mixtures of the three as well as from an intellectual simplification of each. Each has its penumbra in the emotional life, and, as a source of profound satisfaction, none brings its full possible contribution to human happiness unless it comes with the right surroundings. The impulse to power is obviously the source of political activity, also of the business activities of men who are already rich. It is the source also of the intellectual life; the impulse to knowledge comes primarily from the feeling that knowledge is power.

Parenthood is an impulse quite distinct from sex, as any one may see who will take the trouble to read the Old Testament. It is mainly a desire to escape from death, to leave some portion of one's ego functioning in the world

after the death of the rest of the body; but in order for it to be developed to its full extent in women it requires the physical care of the child, and in order to exist in men in any satisfying form it requires certainty as to paternity. This is, of course, the crux in all theories which would relax the rigidity of the marriage bond on the side of women; this also is the justification for male jealousy; but in the practical working out of this problem men have found in their marriage relations an outlet for their impulses to power rather than for their feelings of affection. The psychological problem to be faced, and I do not pretend that it is an easy one, is this: can a man retain any certainty of paternity if marriage is an equal partnership instead of a slavery involving in fact if not in form a more or less Oriental seclusion; or, if this is impossible, will women's demands for freedom lead to a return to the matriarchal system?

I do not think the psychology of modern marriage has as yet been at all worked out, and I foresee a considerable period of difficulty before civilized mankind arrives again at an institution as solid and lasting as the old patriarchal family. Perhaps this stage will never be reached until the state assumes the economic rôle of the father and the family, as we know it, ceases to exist. I sincerely hope not, for marriage and the family supply elements in life which are very valuable and which nothing else in the modern world can give. Life in its biological aspect is a continuous stream in which the division into different individuals is incidental and unimportant; to realize this aspect of life is to leave the prison of self by one of the many gates into a larger world, and for ninety-nine men and women out of one hundred it is the easiest of these gates.

Sex alone does not have this merit, but only sex in connection with parenthood, for then it becomes something transcending the emotion of the moment and forming part of the stream of life from the beginning to the unknown end. The true education in sexual morality would consist of giving to young people a sense of the importance and dignity of marriage so conceived. The old-fashioned morality had a basis which was not rational, while the newer absence of morality tends to sweep away all that has real value in the relations of men and women; to preserve this we need a new morality, not less serious than the old, but based upon a truer psychology and a just appreciation of human needs.

Willis of Ohio

By RAY T. TUCKER

OHIO—Mother of Presidents—has not been notably fortunate in her choice of favorite and favored sons. Those whose paths led to the Presidency are best remembered for the political sterility or the individual and National tragedy that clouded their Administrations. Rutherford B. Hayes, for example, was a genial gentleman, but an ineffective figure as Chief Magistrate. Garfield and McKinley were elevated from historical obscurity by the bullet of the assassin, and a kindly Providence interposed to shield the lovable Warren Harding from his friends. The fifth—William Howard Taft—still graces high office with his chuckles and the laughter-born ripples of his black gown, but his exit from the White House precipitated a storm that still rumbles and flashes across the vision of present-day Republicans.

But Ohio is a sturdy, long-suffering mother. She seems inordinately fond of her offspring and continues to cherish high ambitions on their behalf. Once again she has produced a prospective President in the person of Senator Frank Bartlett Willis. He would appear to be a worthy son—in fact, the hardiest of the breed. He has been endowed with a physical, political, and spiritual fortitude almost beyond belief. To the temptations of friends and the onrush of progressive ideals Senator Willis could be exposed without suffering so much as a singe of his iron-gray hair. He is, it would seem, the most impervious Ohioan of them all.

THE Ohio strain which the Nation has come to recognize flows in his veins, but in some dilution. He possesses the mental equipment of a Harding without his suave loveliness, the good nature of a Taft without his bubbling joviality, the serious-mindedness of a McKinley without his quiet dignity, the superficial traits of a Garfield without his urbanity. Withal, he is a faithful reflection in the political puddle of the plainer and more obvious features of the State that bore him—a commonwealth of farm land, smoky industrial centers; an educational system compounded of Chautauqua lecture tents and university extension courses; frugal, God-fearing folk with large but lawful appetites; and, most illuminating of all, a community which

While the present prominence of Senator Willis as a Presidential candidate seems to be a surprise even to himself, he is a native of a State that has often captured the prize. This is the second of a series of political portraits of aspirants in both parties. The author is a Washington correspondent.

cradled and cuddled both the Anti-Saloon League and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Of such is Willis and proud of his background; he springs from but seldom soars above the soil.

Not that he is blind to his inherent handicaps and those to be acquired from such an environment. His appeal for a more tolerant attitude toward his personality and his Presidential candidacy possesses a wistful touch of pathos.

"I recognize my limitations," he said in a recent moment of frankness. "I am sincerely grateful to Herbert Hoover for entering the Presidential primary in Ohio. He has raised my campaign from mediocrity and unimportance to Nationwide prominence."

Yet in the same breath he assailed Hoover for presuming to contest for delegates in the Buckeye State. In characteristic language he warned that "this will be no kid-glove and powder-puff affair." Lest this phraseology might be lost on his eminent opponent, Willis added that the piscatorially minded Cabinet member must "fish or cut bait." Thus early do utterances native to the Ohio Presidential school roll from his lips as unconscious prophecy that the American people will look elsewhere if they prefer a scholar in the White House.

WILLIS's shortcomings, however, might prove his salvation should he be permitted to take up his residence at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C. Contemporaneous history demonstrates that brass rather than such brittleness as Taft and Harding betrayed is to be preferred in an Ohio President. Moreover, he appears to be a more practical and canny politician than those other two pace-makers. He would, per-

haps, be more alert than Taft to note the corporate aggressions which contributed so much to the Progressive revolt of 1912. Like Taft, he would undoubtedly sympathize with the policies and point of view of an expanding and acquisitive industrial order; but he has frequently revealed that in such a situation he would seek a political mean that would preserve his own balance. As in his facing-both-ways Newberry resolution, which gave the Michigan Senator his seat but condemned his lavish campaign expenditures, Willis would presumably denounce and approve in the same breath—or in the same Presidential Message.

Nor would he fall prey to the pack which derived sustenance off the submissive Harding. The latter had stood so long with his foot on the bar-rail of friendship that he could not bring himself to place it on the necks of his cronies. All Ohio, it seems, moved to the Nation's capital out of affection for Harding and a desire to be near him, and on every side, from morn to midnight, he was met by profiteering and pleasure-bent politicians, whose importunities and companionship he could not withstand.

Willis has never moved in this atmosphere. The fires of friendship have never scorched his conscience. He holds no close communion with the impulsive, hard-riding politicians of the Harry Daugherty type. Though Willis defended Daugherty when other friends had abandoned him and characterized the ex-Attorney-General as "clean as a hound's tooth," his sense of obligation to a political associate never led Willis to make one of the little group which guided the Nation's destinies from the little green table in the little green house on K Street.

WILLIS's only concession to human indulgence is a taste for bonbons and long black stogies, which he consumes incessantly and noisily; he does not drink, chew, play cards, golf, walk, ride, attend the theater, or take mental or physical exercise of any sort. Though he is, physically, the biggest man on the Republican side of the Senate aisle, with tremendous vitality and a voice so shrill it might have furnished the first inspiration for chain broadcasting, he appears to have no virile, masculine vices. He



Frank Bartlett Willis

exhibits a weakness for rustic pranks and horse-play, such as presenting his office staff with rubber-centered chocolates, or asking the Senate's colored barber *emeritus* to locate a passage in "the book of Jacob." His playmates in these sophisticated sallies are Senate pages and employees rather than "the boys." He has no "gang" in so far as that term implies a close coterie of scheming political advisers.

By quite a different path has this rosy-cheeked, gray-eyed country boy arrived at his present place on the Presidential fringe. His career has been built on unswerving and unquestioning labor for a rural constituency which subscribes to his platform that mothers and their cooking were made to be flattered, babies to be kissed, and men to be slapped on the back. Whenever possible, he never fails to attend their spelling bees, church suppers, community picnics, monument dedications, school graduations, and Fourth of July exercises, at which he can talk the loudest and eat the most of all the assemblage. These people's chores he handles in person at Washington, and his mailing list is

longer and more complete than that of any of his 430 colleagues in Congress. To thousands in Ohio Willis is the embodiment of the Federal Government.

He bestows this same broom-and-dust-pan attention on the office-seeking, office-holding group which composes Ohio's Republican machine. Their will is his in matters of state and patronage; his abasement before the bosses in the appointment of men to office is almost abject. Next to his religion and the Anti-Saloon League, perhaps, he places party regularity. He would as soon renounce his Methodism as give recognition to a rebellious or radical thought. Despite his rigid personal morals, his attitude toward that impersonal thing known as "the organization" is epitomized in the yielding spirit of Ruth: "Whither thou goest I shall go, and thy friends shall be my friends." In eight years he has voted against the Administration but thrice, and non-political considerations influenced him each time. He opposed a Republican President on the Soldiers' Bonus Bill and the Bursum pension measure because his father was a Civil War veteran and, as a faithful

son, Willis nurses a soft spot in his heart for all ex-fighters; there is a great deal of filial sentiment in his stand, but also a great many old soldiers. He voted for the expensive Jones Shipping Bill, to the great chagrin of Mr. Coolidge, largely because he was a member of the committee which, after exhaustive hearings, reported it favorably. In none of these instances, however, was he moved by revolutionary instincts. In so far as his votes and general attitude are based on a definite political philosophy, it is that "you must get into office and stay there to do any good." But, as frequently befalls far abler statesmen than Willis professes to be, the exactions of keeping in office make such burdensome demands that his great goal still seems far distant.

SENATOR WILLIS has already envisaged the kind of Administration he would give should he reach the White House. Where it would not be frankly reactionary, it would be static. He would, no doubt, combine all the most Republican features of all Republican Administrations since Lincoln. There can be no question of the sincerity of his belief that the United States owes its peace and prosperity to the wisdom of Republican rule, including its benevolent attitude toward big business.

With a conviction which facts cannot shake, he reiterates in the Senate and on the stump that "Republican Administrations always bring decreased appropriations and taxes, while Democratic Administrations always bring increased appropriations and taxes." With the shrill solemnity of a voice from Mount Sinai he has frequently defended the scandals of the Grant Administration against latter-day hecklers and chastised Senate colleagues for wasting their time and tongues on investigation of the malodorous transactions that occurred during the régime of his friend and fellow-Ohioan, Warren Harding.

Willis's Administration, no doubt, would be more small-townish than Harding's, but with a difference. Whereas under Harding the spirit in the White House was that of the Main Street which hangs around the wicked corner drug-stores, sparking the village beauties and playing pinochle in the tree belt under the dingy light of the yellow gas lamp, Willis would reflect the Main Street masculinity which, with napkin in neck and tooth-quill in pocket, spends its evenings at church-basement sociables and slyly squeezes the arm of the (Please turn to continuation, page 400)

Literature at the Crossroads

An Inquiry into the Buying of Books

PART of the complacency of those who live in New York City, a self-satisfaction doubtless shared by residents of other large cities, is due to a confirmed belief that without their patronage literature would swiftly die. The reading of good books, they maintain, is limited to cities approaching 1,000,000 in population. The rest of the Nation is content with Harold Bell Wright, Zane Grey, Elinor Glyn, and such magazines as hurtle from the presses of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden.

Chiefly, this theory is an outgrowth of the urbanite's superiority complex. Being of the city, he inclines to regard with contempt those who dwell in smaller communities. He is constantly startled, when he abandons his own provincialism to travel, to discover that the supposed rustics dress as he does, drive the same motors, and patronize similar bootleggers. An inference that country people have no literary appreciation is drawn, too, from the fact that only in New York are the new developments in the drama supported. Eugene O'Neill would draw small houses except on Broadway. George Bernard Shaw is still somewhat radical to Kansas. So with the motion picture; the occasional intelligent production may run for weeks in New York at prices approaching those of the so-called legitimate theater. But in the rural districts these profits are offset by large losses.

THESE things being true of the theatre and the movies, the New Yorker argues, they must also be true of good books. The fallacy rests, of course, in the supposition that plays and books are supported in the same manner. A play must be patronized night after night to succeed. A motion picture must be seen by several hundred people at least once each day in every town in which it is shown. Since New York is several times larger than any other city in the United States, its intelligent minority is several times larger than anywhere else. Its citizens of discernment are numerous enough to finance those of the arts which can exist only when a large over-

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

This inquiry into the buying of good books shows that the demand is not by any means limited to urban readers. The town and country dwellers buy their share, proportionately. If they do not buy more, it is because "the vast markets awaiting . . . at the crossroads" have not yet been thoroughly exploited by the booksellers. America may boast of many things, but not of a mere 3,000 bookstores.

head is met. This does not mean, however, that the per capita intelligence is higher in urban than in rural communities, and books are circulated, in the main, on the basis of per capita intelligence. There are few statistics which can be offered and definite proof is lacking that the hinterlands do their proportionate share in supporting worth-while books. But what evidence there is points to the probability that residents of towns ranging from 2,000 to 25,000 in population purchase at least their quotas.

Obviously, though, it is more difficult to buy books in a small town. Publishers estimate that in the entire country there are less than 3,000 shops which can be called, even by the most liberal use of the term, book-stores. Of this number only 500 or so carry any appreciable number of the current books. In many cases those thirsty for literature must order their books by mail or must join such new distribution projects as the Book-of-the-Month Club or the Literary Guild of America. There is no means of determining how many rural residents obtain their books from mail-order concerns or direct from the publishers. There are, however, several wholesale houses which supply the small book-shops, and examination of their records offers the first evidence that good taste in reading is found at the crossroads as well as in the metropolis.

One of the best-known wholesale houses is Baker & Taylor, of New York.

With the American News Company, it supplies most of the dealers who can stock, at best, less than a half-dozen copies of each of the season's new books. Admitting their opinions to be based upon general experience, and not upon an exhaustive study of their records, the officials of Baker & Taylor felt that the small communities throughout the country purchase their share of those books which achieve literary distinction each year. They gave me permission to look through their account files to see whether, in towns and villages picked at random, this seemed to be the case.

What I found was illuminating. Were the current books praised by the literary critics being read in Deposit, New York; Holland, Michigan; Marion, Ohio; Rockland, Maine; and Columbus, Georgia? What books had been ordered for the Christmas rush? The lists showed, of course, that Harold Bell Wright was still a favorite. But they demonstrated also what appeared to be a proportionate demand for the following: Rosamond Lehmann's "Dusty Answer," John Erskine's "Adam and Eve," Van Loon's "America," "Trader Horn," Durant's "Story of Philosophy," Lawrence's "Revolt in the Desert," Miss Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop," Tomlinson's "Gallions Reach," Feuchtwanger's "The Ugly Duchess," Miss Mayo's "Mother India," Kostolanyi's "The Bloody Poet," Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," Ludwig's "Napoleon" and "Bismarck," Robinson's "Tristram," and Cabell's "Silver Stallion."

THEY revealed also, incidentally, another similarity in rural and urban reading taste, or lack of it—a demand for Nan Britton's "The President's Daughter." Baker & Taylor decline to handle this quaint autobiography, and have rejected thereby profits which would probably have come to a good many hundred dollars.

In judging the reading tastes of the small town it must be remembered that a book achieving a sale of 100,000 copies is not only exceptional, but a gold mine

for its publisher. It represents a sale of one copy to each 1,000 of population in the United States. And, with this in mind, the sales statistics of the small town are significant. The village of Deposit, New York, has a population of 2,000. If it buys two copies of a book selling 100,000 a year, it has done its share. If Columbus, Georgia, with 30,000 residents, buys 30 copies, it has met its quota. What, then, were the purchases as shown by the files of Baker & Taylor?

ROCKLAND, Maine, population 8,000, ordered within two weeks one copy of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," a copy of Ludwig's "Napoleon," and two copies of Professor Erskine's latest effort. Deposit, New York, absorbed one copy of "Trader Horn," one of "Dusty Answer," and two of "Adam and Eve" during the month of December. January orders from Holland, Michigan, population 12,000, included three copies of "Dusty Answer," two of "The Story of Philosophy," and one of "Napoleon." Marion, Ohio, 27,000, sent January orders for two copies of "The Story of Philosophy," two of "Trader Horn," two of "Napoleon," and one of "Mother India." A requisition from Columbus, Georgia, dated January 11, 1928, called for five copies of "Napoleon," three of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," six of "The Ugly Duchess," and one of "The King's Henchman," by Edna St. Vincent Milay.

Compared with their populations, the showing made by these small towns and cities is excellent; and there is no reason to suppose they are other than typical. Their showing is the more interesting in view of the difficulties faced by rural Americans in keeping in touch with the world of books. It is not only that there are so few book-stores; it is also that the man who does not live in a large city has slight means of learning about literary developments. Few newspapers in small cities publish book-notes and fewer review the new books. And recent investigations by the American Library Association reveal that 83 per cent of the rural population is without library facilities. There are, this study shows, 6,524 public libraries in the United States and Canada, serving a population of more than 110,000,000. Of this total 50,000,000 are without access to libraries. Four cities of 25,000 to 100,000, 55 cities with populations of 10,000 to 25,000, and 557 villages of from 2,500 to 10,000

have none. At a meeting of farm women held in Chicago in 1926 "more libraries" was declared to be the chief need of the small community.

THE desire for good books is not lacking, however, and this is the basis of two distribution plans organized something over a year ago. The Literary Guild of America and the Book-of-the-Month Club admittedly receive their maximum support outside of New York and other large cities. Each has an editorial board composed of well-known authors and critics. Each sends to its members monthly a book believed to have unusual merit. The organizations differ in that the Literary Guild publishes its own editions, from manuscripts submitted by publishers, and claims to supply twelve books annually at about half the book-shop prices; while the Book-of-the-Month Club selects that book which its editors believe to be the best of the month's output. There is no price reduction, but the books are mailed and are available to the rural resident. The Guild now has about 35,000 members and the Book-of-the-Month Club over 50,000.

Unquestionably the most interesting experiment attempted by either of these groups, and each is in business for the sole purpose of making money, was one by the Literary Guild last year. Certainly there has been no more encouraging indication that excellence in literature is as pleasing to country as to city people. The Guild chose for its second monthly offering Edwin Arlington Robinson's narrative poem "Tristram," a book which under normal circumstances would have been read by very few people. In the face of warnings that wholesale cancellations would take place, the Guild sent out the book, and then waited for the verdict with some apprehension. To the gratification of the editorial board, the indorsement was overwhelming. To date twelve books have been distributed by the Guild (among them "Trader Horn"), but "Tristram" remains its most appreciated selection. Letters praising it came from such remote places as Canton, New York; Greenleaf, Kansas; Neville, Pennsylvania; Searcy, Arkansas; Bremerton, Washington; Ancon, Canal Zone; and Monkton, Maryland. And the Guild sale stimulated that in the book-stores to such an extent that a poet found himself in the astonishing position of having written a best-seller.

Both the Literary Guild and the Book-of-the-Month Club consented to give me their subscription figures in any small towns I cared to name. And these, I think, offer additional proof that the crossroads is anxious to obtain good books when it is possible to do so. There are, for example, 66 members of the Book-of-the-Month Club in Columbus, Georgia; 10 in Deposit, New York; 31 in Marion, Ohio; 17 in Holland, Michigan; 11 in Rockland, Maine. There are 46 in Albuquerque, New Mexico, a city of 15,000; 33 in Greenfield, Massachusetts, population 15,000; 15 in Biloxi, Mississippi, population 10,000; 14 in Henderson, Kentucky, population 12,000. The Literary Guild has 17 subscribers in Albuquerque, 29 in Columbus, 2 in Rockland, 11 in Holland, Michigan, 2 in Greenfield, and 2 in Biloxi.

IT is true, of course, that the distribution of books in America is very much below that in some of the countries of Europe. It goes without saying that book prices are too high, but with ten to twenty-five per cent of all new books losing money lower costs are not imminent. Books in the United States are sold to the intelligent minority and are still considered luxuries by most people. But there is no evidence to show that people of intelligence are proportionately less numerous in the country than in the city. Nor have I, in this necessarily superficial analysis of the problem, discussed all of the current movements whereby books of merit are being distributed. The reprint business grows larger each year. Annually there are published thousands of cheap editions of books that have been best-sellers of a season or two previous. In the beginning these reprints were negligible from a literary standpoint. But they grow better each year, and each year their circulation increases.

NEW YORK CITY can still dictate regarding those books destined to fame. It will continue to do so as long as the important publishing houses are located within its boundaries and as long as the Nation's chief literary critics live there. The day may well come, however, when the booksellers appreciate the vast markets awaiting them at the crossroads. Their first problem is not creating a demand for good books. They must first perfect some means of distributing their product.

Miniatures from the Life

The Servant

NOT long ago, a New England housekeeper was left in charge of her employers' two children. She was an old woman, well over eighty, but still strong and able to work. By now work for her was only an easy habit of life, like the habits of moving and breathing. On this particular day the old woman had her work to do as usual, but the children generally managed to look after themselves. There was the out-of-doors to be explored, as well as the rooms of the whole house at their disposal. It was a question of where were to be played the most interesting games.

The housekeeper had been with these children long enough to know their ways. She had come even to recognize their footsteps, and to her the strange sounds they made at their many and mysterious games were as familiar as the alphabet. She nodded to herself that afternoon—this time they had chosen the house. They were playing a new game today, too. Curious broken-off sounds—a little unfamiliar—in a minute, now, she must look and see what they were up to. The sounds grew stealthier, more ominous. In another minute she looked.

Others had looked before her. It was obvious from the outside that that house was on fire, even before her horrified eyes had met the flames behind the door she opened. It was the others who turned in the alarm. For her there was only one alarm—the children. Somewhere behind those flames were the two children, caught in the very midst of playing one of their mysterious games. The woman closed her eyes and plunged. Through the smoke-filled, crackling rooms she hunted like one possessed. Smoke, flame, blackness—nothing stopped her. Nothing stopped her except the old habit of breathing. In her need to secure that next breath, she caught up a pillow and covered her face with it. But with that last effort, the old habit of moving failed her, and she fell forward on a couch.

The firemen found her there, and carried her to the air outside. She was still living enough to let them know that they must find the children, but after that she was dead.

It is uncertain whether in the agony of those last few minutes she was made

to understand that the children were safe; for it had happened that afternoon that they had voted to play outside.

A Hiding Place

THE other day a suburban gentleman began to be anxious about his children's education. It may have been their spelling, their pronunciation, or their general lack of understanding that finally drove their father to his desperate act. For one day in the city he marched boldly into a second-hand book-shop and demanded a dictionary.

There is no record of his children's enthusiasm when he reached home. The father himself, with his gift still in his own hands, began dubiously to turn over the leaves of the unwanted volume. Well, perhaps it wasn't such a good purchase, after all. Most of the leaves wouldn't turn; they were not only stuck, they seemed actually to have been glued together. Money thrown away, and children perfectly satisfied to be ignorant? It was too much to be borne. He put the forlorn book on the radiator and waited for it to unglue itself.

The book did its best. In a few minutes the pages were unresisting, and ready to offer up their hidden store of knowledge. They offered up even more; for, hiding fearfully between the leaves, having lain there unmolested for over half a century, were two gold pieces. So long ago had their owner secreted them there that now they held the double value of gold and rarity.

As the coins were brought once more to light and glitter no one noticed the triumph of an ancient ghost, who had wagered man's love of gold to be surpassed only by his love of ignorance.

Mother and Boy

IN an out-of-the-way corner of an out-of-the-way barnyard lives a sad bird. Nature intended it to be a goose, but science in the hand of the farmer placed this egg beneath a setting hen. Everybody knows that nothing typifies the ideal mother so well as the setting hen. To this one, her own children were well enough in their way, but the magnificent stranger, hatched from her humble nest,

had something different about him. There was something in his walk, in his eye, in his beak, that bespoke a superior strain and a nobler race.

The gander was a devoted son. His dearest companion was his mother, and he spent hours conversing with her on practically every subject. The result was that he developed a language quite his own, an interesting mixture of low-goose and cultivated-chicken. His feathers were goose, but his manners were gradually becoming hen.

Now it happened that the farmer had placed that egg beneath a hen for a very good reason. There had been one goose egg too many. There had not been room for one extra egg to be hatched along with his brothers and sisters; and now those brothers and sisters, growing up in the same barnyard, gazed upon this strange new bird with horror. The poor lad clung more closely to his mother, who had long since left her common chicken children to shift for themselves.

But time and convention wait for no bird. The older generation passes, and one must live in his own day. The gander, bereaved by death of his little hen-mother, found himself at the mercy of the barnyard.

With his strangely acquired chicken-dignity, he approached his brother and sister geese, and spoke to them in that accent which his mother had found so fascinating. They began to laugh. He thought he was amusing them, and went further. Their laughter became hysterical. Doubtful, but encouraged, he drew a little closer. The farmer appeared just then to set out the evening meal for geese. This was their signal. They were willing enough to be entertained, but when their food was threatened—With one accord they turned on him!

The situation has now become serious. The chickens regard him as a monster; to the geese he is a freak. In all that barnyard there is not a creature who does not attack him when he tries to feed. The troubled farmer sees the poor bird, sitting by himself in despair and loneliness, facing slow starvation. Would the thought of another world be any consolation to him? wonders Superior Intelligence. Alas! even there, upon the farmer's table, he would appear, in this emaciated state, as not much more than chicken, and decidedly less than goose.

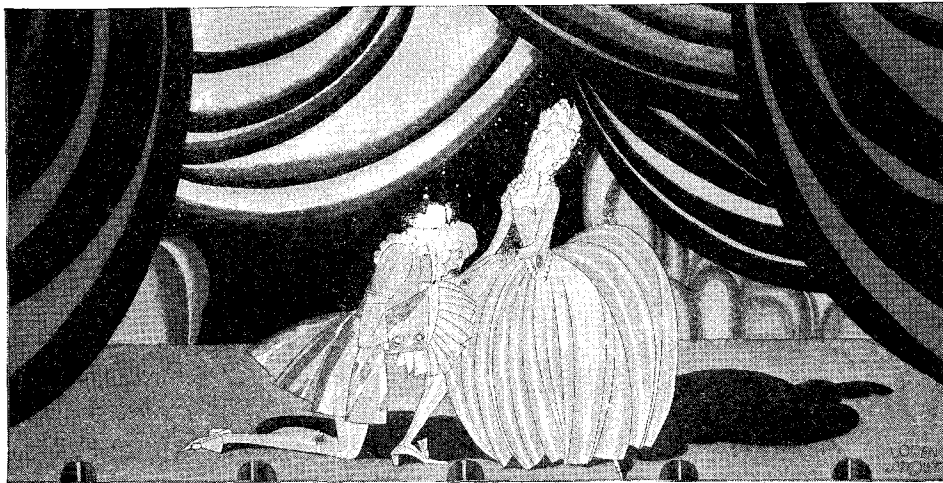
Lights Down: A Review of the Stage

At last a genuinely amusing comedy has come to town—or returned!—and all those who rejoice in the smart drawing-room drama will be highly pleased. Somerset Maugham's "Our Betters," as you may know, is some ten or fifteen years old,

and has merely been revived at this late day for Miss Ina Claire and Constance Collier. But as played at the Henry Miller Theatre, it is, at this moment, easily the most entertaining, deft, and excellently acted comedy in New York.

Some caution perhaps may have to be exercised if you always take with you certain relatives or friends. Because "Our Betters" doesn't belong to the Harold Bell Wright school of drama. Everybody in it, with the exception of the young people, is concerned very little with moralities, a great deal with the ironies and witticisms of life, and very much with its ambitions. Its story details several exciting days in the lives of American society people expatriated in London—or rather Americans who have made English society their life-work and have distinctly succeeded in it. The sacrifices necessary, the results achieved, and the insincerity which is inherent, according to Mr. Maugham, in this sort of thing are all set forth with the utmost suavity, keen, bitter wit, and much exceedingly accurate observation of human nature. These people of Mr. Maugham's believe not at all in love, truth, religion, or the homely virtues. But they will sell their souls for social position, a good story, or an invitation to dinner. In addition, although the scale of values is merely that which always accompanies climbing in society, nevertheless the price these people must pay is proportionately heavy because the cards are stacked against them from the start. They are not genuinely English, and never will be.

Since, then, the virtues are palpably of no use, they make a jest of them—with the result that certain relations we



have mentioned before may not think the play is wonderful. But once you grant this premise, you will go far before you will find a more amusing evening.

To all who are slightly disappointed with "The Queen's Husband" we recommend it. It will arouse no psychological complexes. But the knowledge of human nature which Mr. Maugham has shown in such books as "Of Human Bondage" is here used to draw light characters—and the result is exceedingly happy.

THE direct opposite struck us as being true of "Maya," the new play by Simon Gantillon, translated by Ernest Boyd, and presented by our old friends the Grand Street Players, now dignified by the title Actor-Managers. We have seldom felt more gloomy on emerging from any show—and dejection appeared to be the prevailing atmosphere among the audience as it left the theatre.

This is not to say that "Maya" is a poor play. It isn't. It is a good play, but a most curious play. For it presents a series of more or less pictorial episodes in the life of a Marseilles prostitute who lives in a small house along the waterfront, and whose companionships are with the dregs of the world—sailors, stokers, soldiers, port hands, dock laborers. Her friends in Marseilles are also prostitutes, living on familiar terms with the French neighborhood. And to all of them come what might be called the stark realities of many men's lives, as the ships come and go, and the heterogeneous crowd drifts into the Red Light district.

Such a play requires for its acting an extraordinarily skillful group of players, and the Actor-Managers are not able to assemble such a group. They have two or three, notably Aline MacMahon, Harold de Becker, and Marc Loebell. But the other players are too

self-conscious emotionally to be able to divorce themselves from the thought that they are playing what ordinarily are considered immoral rôles. The effect is as if they said, "See what bad girls we are! And tough!" And such an effect, we venture to say, is not the one M. Gantillon was after.

And yet it must be confessed that not all the flaws lie in the workmanship of the actors. While some of M. Gantillon's scenes are enthralling and almost perfect, nearly every one has about it a touch of self-consciousness. Just as you are about to settle back and say, "This is actual life itself," along comes a line that strikes a false melodramatic note; or there appears an interlude which smacks of very callow theatricalness. Whereupon the effect is ruined.

For people who deplore the existence of prostitutes and consider it the acme of bad taste to depict them upon the stage the play may appear both unpleasant and immoral. But, to our mind, it was neither of these things. It is true that it is a picture of tortured, driven, unhappy men, seeking their relief either in confidences to or physical passion with the only women to whom they can go. But, despite the defects we have mentioned, it presents, in human terms and never in terms of eroticism or sensualism, the life which such unfortunate women lead.

To people who know their Freud and are fond of him it may appear as a very creditable attempt to present the prostitute in terms of the all-loving mother. And such ultra-moderns may think it an extraordinarily good play.

But—well, we didn't. F. R. B.

The Movies

"Four Sons"

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

FOUR SONS" starts out to be one of the most interesting pictures imaginable, just as did that earlier product of the Fox studios, "Seventh Heaven."

In its opening reels "Four Sons" shows the daily life of a peaceful German hamlet before the bad news of 1914 was released. One sees Mother Bernle enjoying her spotless kitchen and arranging the thrifty linen of her four sons; the burgomeister and the postman drop in to chat with her, and her birthday is celebrated by the entire village; her sons come home from their tasks. The idyllic quality of these scenes is conveyed most deftly and the comedy touches are beautifully handled.

We have been so fortunate as to have seen German officers in the flesh, and, to our way of thinking, Earle Foxe and his understrappers looked and acted more like these worthies than does Erich von Stroheim himself. Few better pieces of acting and direction have found their way to the screen than the sequence which shows Mr. Foxe, as the new commandant, arriving at the railway station.

In short, Mr. John Ford has directed this picture with an ability which should put him alongside the really big ones, and it's a shame that the plot was allowed to turn on him and smear great blobs of sentiment all over his megaphone. For this is what happens to his picture when war is declared.

With a heavy-handedness not at all in keeping with its earlier dexterity "Four Sons" becomes a war film and then a post-war film. If it were not for the fine restraint of Margaret Mann in the apron of Mother Bernle, the oft-repeated visits of the old postman with his black-bordered letters would be even stickier and more cloying than they are. Sentiment is a powerful tool; but it has two edges—one of them extremely dull.

Following the war (which seemed as interminable as the event itself) Mother Bernle goes to her sole surviving son in America. She lands at Ellis Island and, wandering away from that supposedly hermetic establishment, finds herself in New York—in the subway. Various kindly disposed persons get her to her son's apartment for the final fade-out and—*pouf!* There goes your old Immigration Law.



Mrs. Mann's work in "Four Sons" is above criticism. She will be seen in similar parts as fast as the stories can be ground out. The four sons are all good, for as long as they last, and Earle Foxe is inimitable. Jack Pennick, by his portrayal of an American ice-man, makes a bid for some of the Karl Dane parts of the future. The picture is in the front rank of current movies on so many counts that our advice to you must be—see it. If, in many of its scenes, it oozes bathos, it also snaps and sparkles with real interest in many others. Your enjoyment of it will depend largely on how much agony you can stand before you begin to feel resentful and vaguely apathetic. This is so largely a matter of personal preference that no one individual can do more than state his own reaction.

For ourself, we're a fool for sentiment; but we don't think it ought to be sold without a prescription.

"The Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands"

THE war is over and the world wags on. In this British picture we have an extraordinarily sporting and fair-minded record of two actual naval engagements between Great Britain and Germany.

The first action, off Coronel, is a victory for Admiral Graf von Spee, who is shown as a gallant officer and a humane conqueror; the second encounter, which is England's answer to a defeat, takes place near the Falkland coaling station, a British base in the South Atlantic. Admiral von Spee is emphatically sunk

this time, but one is led to believe (and does believe) that Admiral Sturdee is deeply pained at the occurrence.

The film is the product of British Instructional Films, Ltd., and represents the disinclination felt in the mother country towards further enrichment of Adolf Zukor by English movie-goers. Getting a bit of their own back, so to say.

Well, their photography is mostly good, their continuity a bit uncertain; their actors are far better than most American screen artists, and the whole performance is shot through with a dignity and validity which is too often absent from our own film brew.

The whole thing is typically British; fine, brave, admirably resolute, and just a trifle muddled.

"A Girl in Every Port"

THIS picture is the first starring vehicle of Victor McLaglen, who was Captain Flagg in Mr. Fox's screen version of "What Price Glory?"

It was the conceit of the scenarists who adapted "What Price Glory?" to show certain earlier phases in the bellicose relationship between Captain Flagg and First Sergeant Quirt; and this they did with signal success and the help of Phyllis Haver.

Sergeant Quirt was repeatedly depicted in the act of filching girls from the very grasp of the less personable Captain Flagg. This he did in many lands, and it was all very hilarious. It was also followed by a faithful pictorial replica of the greatest play ever written. (Arguments called for and delivered.)

"A Girl in Every Port" places Mr. McLaglen in the predicament of a less personable sailor who has girls filched from him. Another more personable sailor does the filching. He does it in many lands; and it's not awfully hilarious. How do they think up all these plots? It's a gift, maybe?

Since the situation we have so ineptly sketched above is not followed by "What Price Glory?" or by anything else either, the picture is only a series of fairly comic episodes. Mr. McLaglen is good, and so are Robert Armstrong and Louise Brooks.

As between good acting and no story or a good story and poor acting—but that's pointless. Good stories in the movies are always well acted.

Music and Musicians

From the Rhine to the Guadalquivir

By EUGENE BONNER

TULLIO SERAFIN, long since famed throughout the length and breadth of the Italian peninsula for his interpretations of the Wagner operas, was at last allowed by Mr. Gatti to give a demonstration of his ability in that field last Saturday afternoon, the occasion being the season's first performance of "Siegfried." And demonstrate he did, from a quarter before two until a quarter to six—four mortal hours which, as far as we personally were concerned, were all too short.

"Siegfried" has for long been the step-child in the "Ring" family here, such performances as have been vouchsafed to us having been more or less perfunctory and, as usual under Mr. Bodanzky, slashed right and left; perhaps, under the circumstances, the slashing didn't matter.

Given as it was last Saturday, with many of the cut passages restored, and interpreted by such artists as Gertrude Kappel, Karin Branzell, Rudolf Laubenthal, and Friedrich Schorr, we would have had it even longer.

Mr. Serafin, while surrendering not one whit of the more "solid" character of this great music, contrived to bring out lyric beauties in the score that have not been revealed here in many a day. The enumeration in detail of the many fine points of Mr. Serafin's interpretation would soon take on the nature of a catalogue. The surge and sweep of his orchestra in the opening scene of the last act was something stupendous, a performance we have seldom heard equaled.

Rudolf Laubenthal as Siegfried, looking to perfection the part of the husky young hero, fairly outdid himself, acting and singing better than we have ever heard him. Friedrich Schorr as the Wanderer gave a performance of great dignity and vocal beauty. Gertrude Kappel, not entirely recovered from the effects of a cold, gave an appealing impersonation of the awakened Walkyrie, while the rest of the cast sustained the high standard set by the Italian *maestro* on this memorable occasion.

As if our emotions had not been sufficiently racked in the afternoon, Elena Gerhardt had to further upset us by giving a well-nigh perfect concert that very same evening.

In commemoration of Franz Schubert's centenary, that composer's great song-cycle "Die Winterreise" was given by Mme. Gerhardt in its entirety. A lofty undertaking, and carried through as only this superb artist is capable of doing.

The tragic resignation of "Gute



GEORGE FLEMING HOUSTON
of the American Opera Company

Nacht," the exquisite melancholy of "Der Lindenbaum," and the despair of "Die Post" were revealed with unerring artistry and insight, while her interpretations of "Der Greise Kopf," "Der Stürmische Morgen," and "Die Nebensonnen" made one realize that true interpretative genius can reveal itself as unmistakably in three verses as in three acts.

At the conclusion of her original program, Mme. Gerhardt was obliged to give several encores, among which were "Wohin," "Die Forelle," and the famous "Ständchen."

THE League of Composers gave a concert consecrated, as the French say, to the compositions of American composers.

The outstanding work of the after-

noon proved to be Marion Bauer's String Quartet in three movements. Written in the modern manner, it was clear, well thought out, and showed musicianship of a high order, the first movement in particular striking us as most effective, though the second, based on an African Negro lament, is perhaps the most original of the three.

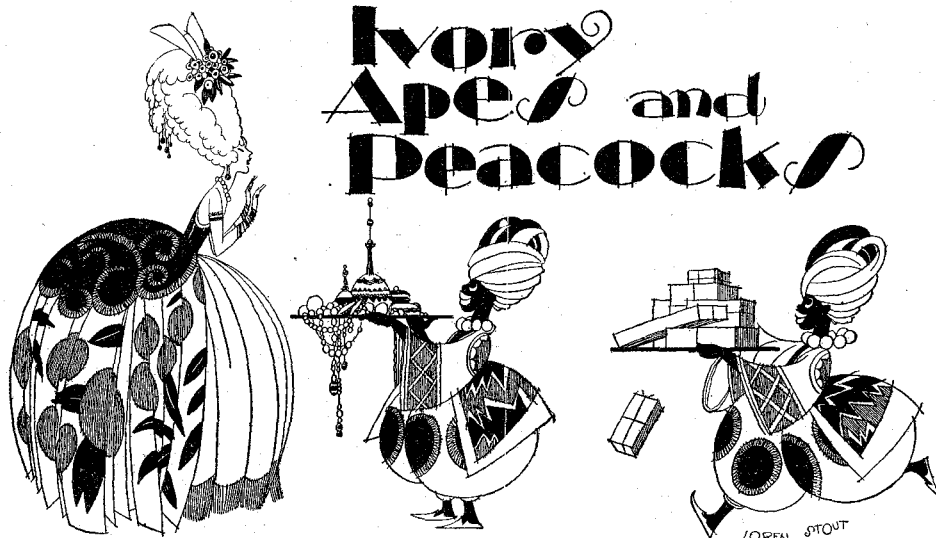
A Piano Sonata of Marc Blitzstein played by the composer seemed to consist mostly of unpleasant noises badly put together, while Quinto Maganini obliged with a very pretty Sonata for Flute and Piano. The Sextet by Roy Harris, of which much was expected, proved disappointing, but, as it is claimed (not by him) that the peculiar acoustics of the Guild Theatre were largely responsible for the ineffectiveness of the work, we prefer to reserve final judgment until after a second hearing.

NOTHING daunted by the late debacle at the Metropolitan, the American Opera Company offered its version of "Carmen" last week at the Gallo Theatre.

The settings were unusual, colorful, and interesting, and what the musical end of the proceedings lacked in *finesse* was made up for by a youthful enthusiasm which makes one loth to be too critical, but the fact remains that things would have been much improved by more judicious preparation.

Natalie Hall as Carmen worked nobly, but she unfortunately had none of the characteristics of the recalcitrant gypsy. Charles Hedley was a personable Don José, Adele Vasa warbled the saccharine measures of Micaela, and George Fleming Houston was a dashing though somewhat erratic Escamillo. This artist, by all means the most likely looking toreador we have yet seen, introduced new business in his entrance song which practically amounted to a dance, so lively was his pantomime.

And why not? If a toreador can burst into a tavern and sing the whole crowd down, what's to prevent him from cutting a caper or two, we'd like to know? A toreador's business is bulls, not ballads, so if Escamillo's going to up and have a song, who's to say he sha'n't have his dance?



By WALTER R. BROOKS

DID you know that if you have an invalid in your family who cannot climb stairs you can have an elevator installed for him? This elevator is safe, extremely simple to operate, and, being a hand-power machine, is much less expensive than an electric or hydraulic elevator. For old people, also, to whom stairs are a distinct barrier to complete participation in the family life, one of these elevators is a great comfort.

The same company makes a fuel and log lift that looks good to us. Many evenings in our home have gone fireless because we didn't want to carry up the logs. With one of these lifts installed in, say, a window-seat convenient to the fireplace, one of the greatest drawbacks to the open fire would be overcome.

SOON after having instructed you in the matter of fire screens that roll up and down like window shades our attention was called to window screens which work on the same principle. They are made of fine rust-proof mesh, and you don't have to take them down in the fall, store them all winter, and put them up again in the spring. When all the flies and mosquitoes have gone South for the winter, you just roll up the screen like a window shade, and it stays there safe and happy in its steel box at the top of the window frame until you pull it down in the spring.

These screens seem to us to have several other important advantages. For one thing, they're on the inside of the window, and consequently don't get so dirty and can't do so much damage to curtains as the outside screens. They simplify window washing, and, being concealed, don't take away from the ap-

pearance of the window as screens with wooden frames do. For casement windows they are much preferable. They are well made, won't sag or bag, and are sold under a ten-year guaranty. Also, you never have to have them painted.

THERE is a garbage and rubbish incinerator which doesn't have to be built in, and is accordingly practical for existing homes. It takes up a space in the cellar two feet square, and has to be installed against the chimney, or close to it to insure good draft. It has a capacity of four bushels—a week's deposit for the average family. All you do is deposit the rubbish in the fire-box and light the gas. There is no odor, and careful insulation guarantees against heat. Everything goes in—papers and bottles and cans and garbage. The more dry material there is, of course, the less it costs to operate, but, in any case, the cost isn't high. And you have done away with that back-yard abomination, the garbage-can.

In combination with this machine is sold a catch-all which is installed under one end of the kitchen sink. It is simply a trash and garbage chute which ends in a wire basket, close to the incinerator. A mechanical device makes it impossible to throw anything down the chute when the basket is full.

IF your clock, like ours, has an irritating habit of dropping five minutes just when you are going to need it most, there is a new electric clock on the market which should interest you. Wherever A. C. current is available, one of these clocks can be installed merely by plugging it into a regulated A. C. light socket

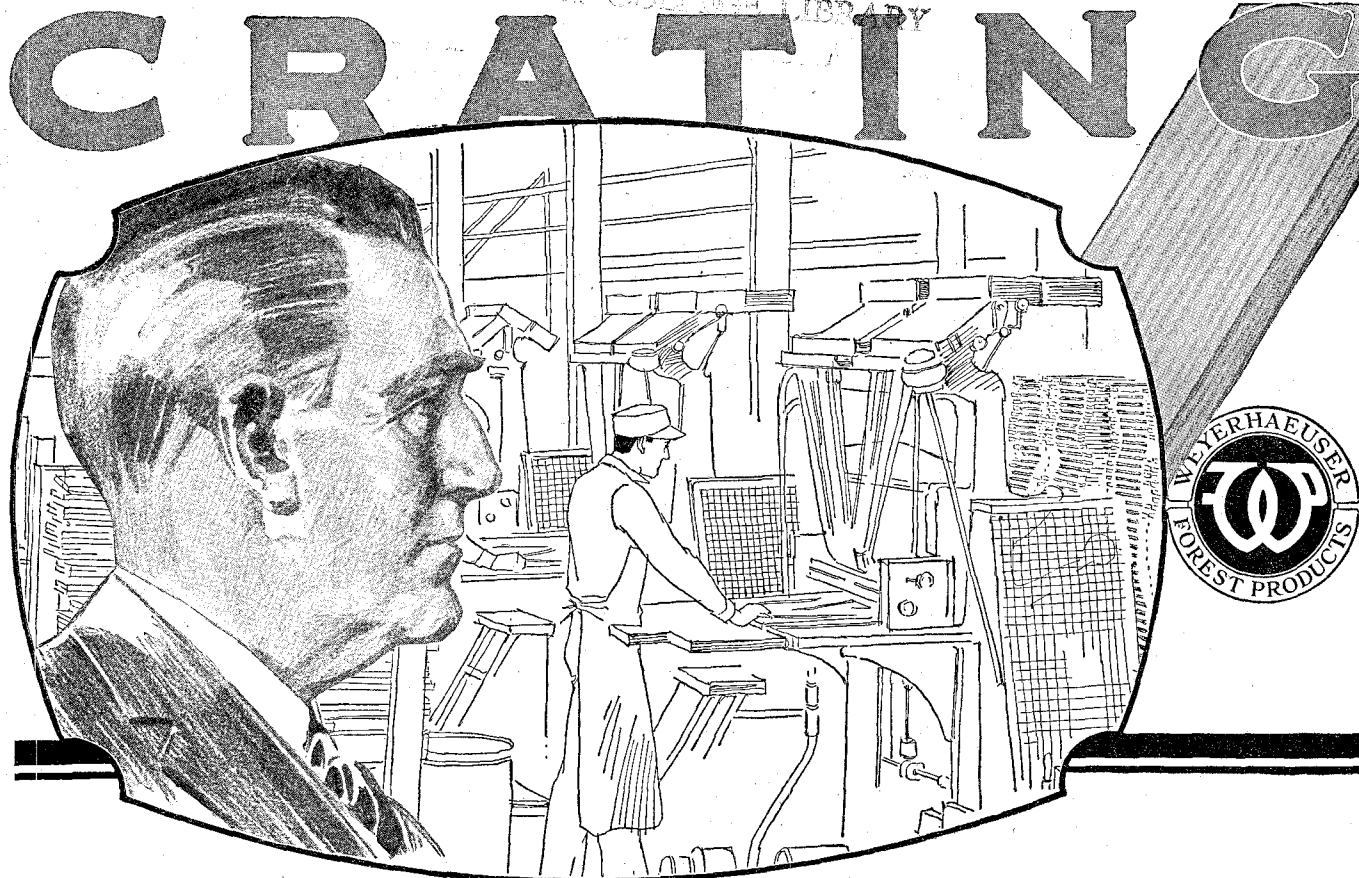
—and then it goes on keeping Naval Observatory time. It can't be inaccurate, since it is controlled by a master clock in the power-house, checked twice daily by radio time signals from the United States Naval Observatory in Arlington. You don't have to wind it or set it or do anything but believe that it is telling you the truth.

WE heard the other day about some sort of an electrical contraption which, dropped into a barrel of whisky, will age it in twenty minutes. And the prematurely aged product, said our informant, was quite equal in every respect to the genuine old gray-haired stuff. However that may be, all natural processes are speeded up nowadays, an example being the clothes-dryers which are manufactured for use in homes. No more hanging up and taking down, no more clothespin holes in your Sunday shirts, no more depending on the weather or waiting around for the sun to do its stuff. Wring 'em out, hang 'em in the dryer, and by the time the second tubful is washed the first is ready to iron. This dryer takes up a floor space five by two feet and is run by either gas or electricity or steam or kerosene. It is scientifically built, so it won't bake the clothes and turn them yellow and brittle, and it comes in several different types, though the sizes are about the same. We knew that these things were used in laundries, but we hadn't been aware that they were made for homes. Our knowledge of the wash-woman problem, if there is one, is very sketchy, but we should think a dryer would be just as useful an adjunct to the domestic laundry as the washing-machine.

SOME time ago we noticed a lot of rugs in the shops of a kind we had seldom, if ever, seen before, and we have been meaning just to mention them to you. They are Numdah rugs, from India, and are embroidered in bright wools on a background of felted goats' hair. Small rugs that clean well, wear well, and look particularly well in bedroom or bathroom.

The Colonial hooked rug, long such a favorite in early American interiors, is now being imitated in a carpet, and can be made into rugs of any size.

And there is the Alpujana, the peasant rug of Spain, originally used in that country alternately on wall and floor. It can be used in early English, French provincial, or early American interiors almost as satisfactorily as in Spanish and Italian rooms.



Your Packing Room—step out there and ask yourself these questions

That Crate? Is it strong—is every piece of lumber in it suitable for the purpose? Does it contain the least lumber consistent with good design and safe delivery of its contents? Is it made of *light weight* lumber—or is the lumber excessively heavy, involving excessive freight charges on out-going shipments? Is the labor cost of assembly as low as it ought to be?

That saw table? Do you know what is the actual waste in cutting up your own lumber for crates?

That shipment going out? Does it arrive attractive, ship-shape, in good condition at the other end? Is it as much of a sales argument as it ought to be?

This packing room? Can't some of it be used for production and profit?

Our freight bills? Can't we cut them down through

the use of less lumber of lighter weight? Can we reach out into wider territory for the same costs and still insure safe delivery of our merchandise?

For every individual business, the Weyerhaeuser man brings the *right* answer to these several searching questions.

It is the answer of Cut-to-Size Crating Lumber. Standard pieces, cut to build your standard Crates, out of a choice of *eight* ideal crating woods—strong, and light in weight.

Weyerhaeuser Crating Lumber and Crating Methods are bringing new economies, new profits, wider sales opportunities to hundreds of businesses.

Your business is no exception.

Call for the Weyerhaeuser man. Make him tell you the whole story of Weyerhaeuser Cut-to-Size Crating, Box Shooks and Crating Lumber.

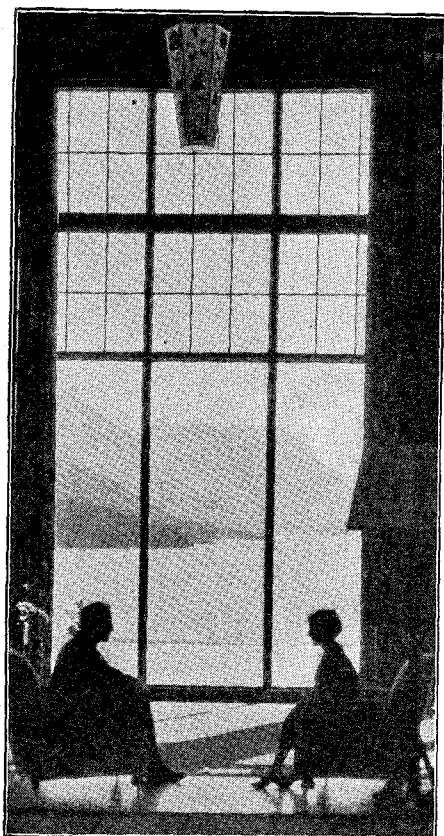
WEYERHAEUSER CRATING LUMBER STANDARD LENGTHS FOR CUTTING

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose. Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 806 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis; 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 2563 Franklin Ave., St. Paul; 1600 Arch St., Philadelphia; 285 Madison Ave., New York; P. O. Drawer 629, Port Newark, N. J.; 2401 First National Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh; 1313 Second National Bank Bldg., Toledo; 1418 R. A. Long Bldg., Kansas City.



PRINCE of WALES HOTEL

—adjoining
Glacier National Park



COMMANDING a stupendous view of both the Canadian Rockies of Waterton Lakes National Park and the American Rockies of Glacier National Park, this thoroughly modern hotel offers every facility for a delightful vacation in Northwest Adventureland. Come out this summer. Motor, ride horseback, play golf, cruise enchanting lakes, enjoy hotel appointments and a cuisine designed for the most discriminating. Low summer fares include travel on the luxurious New Oriental Limited.

GREAT NORTHERN

ROUTE OF THE NEW ORIENTAL LIMITED

—Mail the Coupon—

A. J. DICKINSON, Passenger Traffic Manager
Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me free books about the new Prince of Wales Hotel in Waterton Lakes National Park and about Glacier National Park. I am especially interested in:



- ☐ General Tour of the Parks
- ☐ Pacific Northwest Tours
- ☐ Burlington Escorted Tours

Name _____

Address _____

0.-3-7

Business and Finance

The Scarcity of Jobs

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

FIGURES on unemployment are very scarce and never thoroughly trustworthy. Nearly all have some value, but it is safe to say that current estimates, official or unofficial, must be taken with a grain of salt. Most of them, unfortunately, are over-pessimistic and cause more uneasiness than is warranted.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that the present army of unemployed is probably the largest this country has held since the depression of 1921. Workers in New York, Illinois, New England, the coal-producing regions of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and some industrial centers on the Pacific coast are the worst sufferers, while conditions are as good as or better than they were a year ago in Michigan, Colorado, and parts of the South.

Questions raised by the scarcity of jobs fall into two categories. The first include the causes, both fundamental and temporary, and the prospects for the alleviation of the distress. The second concern unemployment as a threat to the country's purchasing power, and consequently to its economic health.

The most obvious causes of unemployment are the fact that this is the winter season, and the further fact that this has been an unusually mild winter. The late autumn always sees the release of a considerable number of workers from agriculture and from other outdoor activities, such as building and road construction. This helps to explain why the jobless are so numerous, although not why they are so much more numerous than they were a year ago. The absence of snow or excessive cold has reduced the normal demand for casual labor. Furthermore, purchases of coal, boots, shoes, rubbers, and, especially, of winter clothing, have been curtailed greatly. This curtailment has reduced sharply employment in the textile factories and the garment shops. Since the country's clothing trade is centered here, the effects of its inactivity have had keen effect in New York. To the number of native unemployed, moreover, have been added the workers who always drift to the big cities when they cannot find jobs at home.

Everything in New York City, its economic problems as well as its murders and theatres, attract exaggerated interest in the rest of the country, and there

has been an unjustified tendency to accept conditions here as a fair cross-section of those in the Nation as a whole.

A more deep-seated cause for the low rate of employment has been the slackness in nearly all classes of industry and business. Such indices as car-loading figures and corporation earnings illustrate graphically the downward trend that has persisted since last spring.

After all, though, these factors in the reduction of the demand for labor are purely temporary. The present winter is about over, and succeeding ones will not be as balmy as that of 1927-8. Industry will recover. It always has in the past, and signs of a revival are already apparent. But American industrial efficiency seems to be a permanent and increasingly important factor in our economic life, and this efficiency has been cutting down the supply of jobs for many years, and probably will continue to do so indefinitely. Improvements in machinery and all manufacturing methods have been so revolutionary that factories have at the same time been increasing their output and decreasing the number of employees.

Again, reliable figures are missing, but Woodlief Thomas, of the Federal Reserve Board's Division of Research and Statistics, estimated that the per capita output of manufactured goods rose 50 per cent between 1899 and 1925, and stated that "in the production of minerals the increase has been even more phenomenal." Since 1925 the per capita output has increased at least another 10 per cent. Mr. Thomas's estimate, incidentally, is one of the most conservative. Other economists have put the increase in per capita factory output during the twentieth century at 100 per cent.

Many workers displaced by the efficiency of the factories have found positions elsewhere, where they helped to supply the increased demand for the conveniences and luxuries of life which were made possible in no small measure by the very efficiency which cost them their factory jobs. E. S. Gregg, chief statistician of the Western Electric Company, has estimated that between the summers of 1923 and 1927 2,150,000 workers were absorbed by non-manufacturing activities, such as building, chain stores, telephone operation, oil produc-

tion, electric light and power, and amusements.

Mr. Gregg is a first-rate statistician, but his figures are only guesses and they do not include all the types of activities which have been lengthening their pay-rolls. Experts, however, are pretty well agreed that the increased demand for labor from these miscellaneous sources has not offset completely the lay-offs in the factories. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics indices, more than three and a half million workers have been discharged from factories since 1923. During the same period the railroads cut their forces by a quarter of a million men.

That this shrinkage in the supply of jobs available per worker will continue for the next few years seems probable. It is fairly certain, though, that the problem will not be a permanent one; with immigration restricted so rigidly, the demand for labor should increase faster than the supply.

It might be expected that this drop in employment would have cut deeply into the country's purchasing power. Such, however, has not been the case. The index of total wages, as reported by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, has declined only to 97.7%, while the index of employment has fallen to 87.9%. In both cases the average of 1919 is taken as 100.

According to these indices, a large proportion of the wages lost by the unemployed have gone into the pockets of the workers who have held their jobs. The vicious circle usually operative in times of even moderate depression, when reduced consumption cuts employment and lower employment cuts purchasing power, thereby reducing consumption still further, seems to be broken. This apparent maintenance of purchasing power is one of the most encouraging features of the present business picture. It is such a striking phenomenon that many authorities insist that the factory lay-offs have been exaggerated and the absorption of labor by other business activities has been minimized. These authorities may be right in this contention, but they cannot deny that the upward trend of wages has been one of the most powerful influences in forcing manufacturers to substitute mechanical for human labor.

Mr. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce and leading Republican candidate for the Presidential nomination, has started an inquiry into the whole employment question through the Bureau of Economic Research. If his inquiry clarifies to any extent this obfuscated problem, his claims on the White House will receive even greater respect in the industrial world than they do now.

CANADIAN NATIONAL—TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA



*Vacation this year
in Canada's greatest
National Park*

JASPER

THE GEM of THE ROCKIES

VISIT Jasper National Park, the Alpine paradise of the Canadian Rockies. 5300 square miles of scenic grandeur, including many of the highest peaks of this famous mountain region.

Here, you can enjoy many and varied recreations. Mountain climbing with Swiss guides. Golf on an 18-hole course, and in a most magnificent setting. Glorious hours of trail riding or hiking through scented forests, past lake and roaring torrent. Motoring on the finest of mountain roads, including the scenic Athabaska Valley drive to Mount Edith Cavell. Unsurpassed bathing in outdoor heated pool, and boating on beautiful Lac Beauvert.

At Jasper Park Lodge you revel in a pleasing relaxation of formality. Accommodation for 500 guests. Rates \$7.50 a day up, American Plan. Open May 21st to Sept. 30th. Jasper Golf Week, Sept. 8th to Sept. 15th.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

The Largest Railway System in America

Boston 333 Washington St.	OFFICES	Portland, Me. Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.
Buffalo 11 So. Division St.	Kansas City 706 Grand Ave.	Portland, Ore. Pacific Building
Chicago 108 W. Adams St.	Los Angeles 607 So. Grand Ave.	St. Paul 314 No. Broadway
Cincinnati Dixie Terminal Bldg.	Minneapolis 518 Second Ave. So.	St. Louis 83 East Fifth Street
Cleveland 49 E. 4th Street	New York 505 Fifth Ave.	San Francisco 689 Market St.
Detroit 1259 Griswold St.	Philadelphia 1500 Chestnut St.	Seattle 1329 Fourth Ave.
Duluth 430 W. Superior St.	Pittsburgh 505 Park Building	Washington, D.C. 15th & I Sts. N. W.

Please send me your free booklet on
Jasper National Park. Outlook-2

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Tell Me a Story¹

Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Jay Van Everen

WHEN the melodrama of the 'eighties flourished at the Adelphi Theater, a small boy lived on what he declares to have been the quietest and most respectable street in London, flanked by the British Museum and Mudie's Library. Nothing ever happened on Museum Street. The afternoon bell of the muffin man was an event; the "walnut man," with his mournful cry, was watched till he disappeared around the corner.

For behind at least one of those solemn house-fronts lived three brothers, with all a child's natural appetite for excitement. On one never-to-be-forgotten Sunday afternoon, the youngest suddenly broke his bounds. Dressed in a gay and comical suit made by a kindly elder sister in imitation of the Drury Lane clown, his favorite hero, little George dashed out into the quiet, raced furiously around the block, and fell breathless but triumphant into his own front door, to Heaven knows what scandalized audience behind the solemn rows of windows.

Even at six George Arliss had a sense of the theatrical! It had developed still earlier, for it is the hushed, dramatic moment just before the dog burst into the dining-room that he best remembers



in this true story of "The Newfoundland Dog," told by his mother when he was no more than four.

In unkempt locks and Shakespearean robe of Shylock, Mr. Arliss had just made his exit off-stage. Clapping resounded from the unseen audience beyond; whispering in the semi-darkness, not to disturb the remaining players, the gracious English gentleman led the interviewer to his dressing-room.

"And now," he inquired, leaning for-

¹The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child.



ward in that intent, gentle manner so familiar to his audiences, "what is it you want?"

Asked for the first story he remembered told him in childhood, he thought deeply for a moment, his eyes far away on quiet Museum Street.

"The first story," he mused. "It was one my mother told me—why, I haven't thought of it for years, but your question brings it all back. I heard it only once, but it made a great impression. You see, it was a story about"—

The Newfoundland Dog

As remembered by George Arliss

BACK in the days when English folk lived in the good old county style, with an estate, trusted servants, stables and dog-kennels, family silver and open hospitality, a gentleman and his wife took a journey, leaving their country home in charge of the servants and a great Newfoundland dog, the master's pet.

They had been away only a short time when a letter came to the housekeeper, signed by the master and saying that Captain So-and-So would arrive shortly, with some of his friends, who were to be treated as honored guests, the whole house opened to them, the finest of dinners served, and especially all the family silver laid out in their honor.

Even more anxious than if Master and Mistress were at home that all should run smoothly, the devoted household set about their preparations. Guest-rooms were aired, a marvelous meal planned, choicest old wines brought up from the cellar, and priceless silver heirlooms polished and set out on sideboard and table.

At the expected time the Captain and his friends arrived, with little luggage, saying they could stay only for dinner, and must be off again that evening. The Newfoundland dog sniffed a bit uneasily at the strangers, but every one was too busy to pay him any attention. Dinner was announced in the great dining-room,

and the guests sat down to a table glittering with costly silver.

As the wine and delicious food disappeared, the company began to grow hilarious. Something—was it their too-loud conversation, their not exactly correct manners, for English servants have a sixth sense for real ladies and gentlemen?—aroused the butler's suspicions. On a trip to the kitchen, he told the others, and found that they too had been feeling uneasy. As dinner went on, the servants grew more and more convinced that here were no Captain and friends of the master's, but a clever burglar with his assistants. The housekeeper's letter had been a counterfeit; the special order about the silver only a scheme to get it within easy plundering reach.

Something must be done quickly—but what? To be sure, the burglars were few and the servants many, but perhaps the thieves were armed. If only they could be taken off their guard, capture would be certain with no bloodshed.

Then some one thought of the Newfoundland dog. He was a giant animal gentle with friends, but fierce with enemies, obedient, and very, very clever.

So, armed with sticks, ropes, and all the weapons they could collect, the ser-



vants gathered quietly outside the door of the great dining-room. Inside, talk and laughter grew louder, as the burglars imagined that their plot was succeeding perfectly. Holding the dog tightly by the collar, for, more suspicious than ever, he was straining to dash through the door, the servants whispered into his alert ears: "Sh-h! There are burglars in there. Now, don't bark—sh-h! don't make a sound, but when we tell you, rush in and jump at their throats. Sh-h! Not yet—sh-h! No, not yet—sh-h! Now!"

And through the door the great dog bounded, leaping silently at the men's throats and knocking them to the floor

before they knew what had happened. Behind him rushed the servants with weapons and ropes, quickly the burglars were bound, and easily held prisoners until help arrived to carry them off to jail.

When Master and Mistress reached home, they found the servants bursting with their exciting story, the family silver safe, and the great Newfoundland dog more of a pet than ever.

Our Own Theatre List

(See page 383)

- "Coquette,"** Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.
- "Escape,"** Booth.—Galsworthy's melodrama; an English gentleman, escaped from prison, plays hare to the constables' hounds in many exciting situations; Leslie Howard; what would you do if he took refuge with you?
- "The Ivory Door,"** Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; Henry Hull and good company; one of the best things in town.
- "The Doctor's Dilemma,"** Guild.—Farce, comedy, including a death scene; Shaw's fling at the doctors and people who think their own morality the only one; Alfred Lunt; better than ever.
- "Trial of Mary Dugan,"** National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.
- "The Royal Family,"** Selwyn.—Comedy; home hubbub of a family of famous theatrical stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it sometimes isn't real enough to be as good as it should be.
- "Porgy,"** Republic.—Folk-play; Negro life along Charleston water-front; real Negroes; a gorgeous thing, if simply for its pastel colors and primitive music.
- "The Shannons of Broadway,"** Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucille Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.
- "The Queen's Husband,"** Playhouse.—Modern light comedy; royalty in a mythical kingdom; Roland Young; Sherwood's most subtle humor.
- "Marco Millions,"** Guild Theatre.—Satirical comedy; O'Neill's beautiful spectacle of Marco Polo's trip to Venice and China; the immature West meeting the wisdom of the East.
- "Strange Interlude,"** John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tony Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.
- "Rain or Shine,"** George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

Best Musical Shows

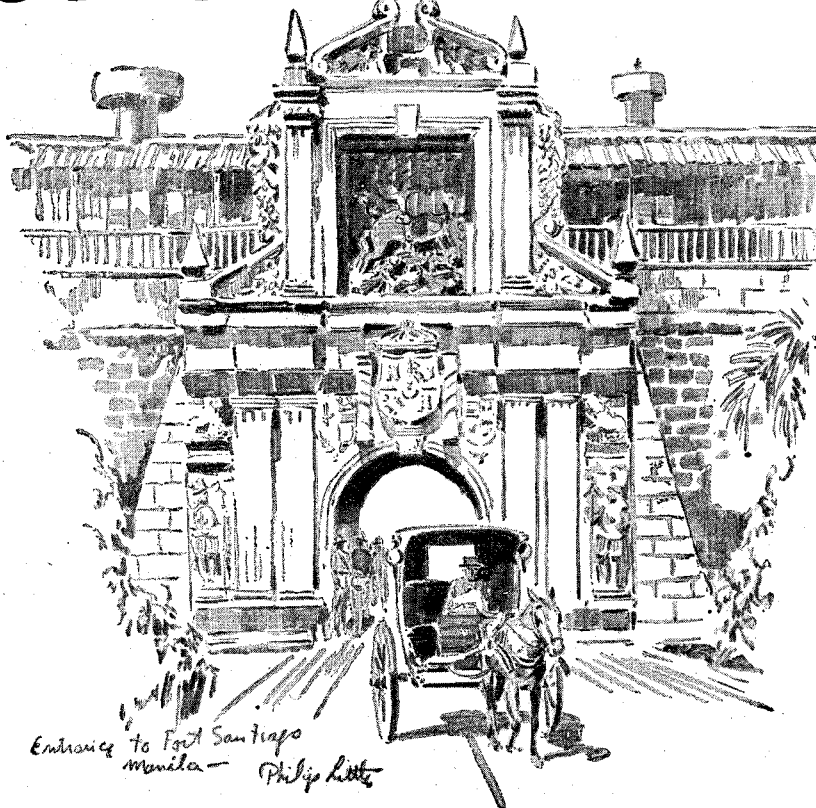
- "Funny Face,"** Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.
- "Show Boat,"** Ziegfeld.—Better than Ziegfeld's good ones.
- "Manhattan Mary,"** Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more? Well, not much.
- "A Connecticut Yankee,"** Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

The Movies

(See page 384)

- "The Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands."**—In this issue.
- "Beau Sabreur."**—The alleged sequel to "Beau Geste." Not so good.
- "Chicago."**—A fine picturization of the play, with Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi.
- "The Circus."**—Charlie Chaplin chasing the blues away.
- "The Divine Woman."**—Jag elsker dig af mit ganske hjerte, Frøken Garbo. (Attention Miss Garbo—Personal.)
- "Drums of Love."**—A big comeback for D. W. Griffith.
- "Four Sons."**—In this issue.
- "The Gaucho."**—Not quite worthy of Douglas Fairbanks.
- "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."**—Pleasantly silly, but not terribly important, which the book was.
- "A Girl in Every Port."**—In this issue.
- "The Jazz Singer."**—When the Vitaphone and Al Jolson get going, it's a great picture.
- "The Last Command."**—Emil Jannings, the screen's best, in a vehicle worthy of his powers.
- "Love Me and the World Is Mine."**—Not recommended.
- "Rose Marie."**—It was a nice operetta, but it's a punk picture.
- "Sadie Thompson."**—Gloria Swanson and Lionel Barrymore. Don't expect to see "Rain."
- "Simba."**—The latest Martin Johnson film. See it.
- "The Student Prince."**—Lubitsch, and at his best, too.
- "Sunrise."**—The year's most deserved success.
- "That's My Daddy."**—We like Reginald Denny always.
- "Wings."**—This fine war film is having a record run.

Orient Lures



Entrance to Fort Santiago
Manila—Philip Little

Follow That Urge to See the Lands Beyond the Setting Sun

The old, the new, the fantastic, the beautiful. You find adventure, you find fresh interest in the lands of the Orient.

Go to those countries that intrigue you most. Spend whatever time you choose among their storied wonders.

You touch at Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Manila. Each port different in character and in its appeal to the traveler.

Thus you see Japan, a miracle of loveliness and modern progressiveness. China, her ancient cities, her beautiful temples. Manila, a bit of old Spain in a tropical setting.

Here is the opportunity for a new vacation adventure at but small expense. Roundtrip fare to Manila and return by way of Japan and China as low as \$750 per capita. (Include Honolulu if you choose.) First cabin accommodations and meals are included.

Or continue Round the World to other lands of keenest interest. In all 22 ports in 14 countries. Liberal stopovers at any port with identical accommodations on subsequent liners. Like a cruise on a private yacht.

You sail on a magnificent President Liner, aristocrat of ships. Broad of beam and steady. Luxurious and expertly served. You sleep in a bed not a berth. Rest or relax on wide, sunny decks. Enjoy the world-famous cuisine.

An American Mail Liner sails every two weeks from Seattle for Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila.

A Dollar Liner sails every week from Los Angeles and San Francisco for the Orient (via Honolulu) and Round the World. From Boston and New York fortnightly sailings via Havana, Panama and California. From Naples, Genoa and Marseilles fortnightly sailings for New York and Boston.

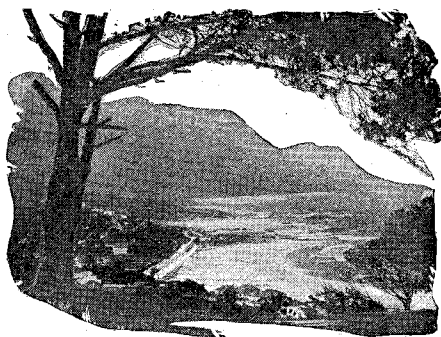
For complete information communicate with any ticket or tourist agent or

American Mail Line Dollar Steamship Line

25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
32 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
604 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
101 BOURSE BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
1018 BESSEMER BLDG., PITTSBURGH, PA.
177 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.
ROBERT DOLLAR BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO



514 W. SIXTH ST., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
110 SOUTH DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
DIME BANK BUILDING, DETROIT
21 PIAZZA DEL POPOLO, ROME, ITALY
11 BIS RUE SCRIBE, PARIS, FRANCE
22 BILLITER STREET, E. C. 3, LONDON
1519 RAILROAD AVENUE SOUTH, SEATTLE



WHEN MARCH COMES

Roaring in Like a Lion—
It May Not Go Out Like a Lamb

There are always days and weeks of cold, bleak, wintry weather, when cold winds howl, when you wait longingly for soft spring breezes, warm sunshine, for the sight of spring flowers peeping out, bringing gladness to your heart.

WHY WAIT FOR IT

when SOUTH AFRICA, the land of mellow sunshine, romance, mystery, and wonder, beckons you?

While March winds are blowing winter out with snow, rain, and freezing blasts, you can revel in the sunshine of this wonderland of warmth and beauty—of glorious flowers and luxuriant fruits. If comfort, gaiety, and sport lure you—if majestic scenery thrills you and age-old mysteries awe you—come to SOUTH AFRICA.

You will find many things you have never seen and can only find in this ancient land famous for its legendary history.

*Great Diamond Mines
Mile Deep Gold Fields
Mysterious Zimbabwe Ruins
The Magic Congo Caves
Barbaric Bantu War Dances
Quaint Kaffir Kraals
The Mighty Drakensberg Mountains
Wonderful Victoria Falls
Speedy, Preening Ostriches
Kruger Big Game Park
and Glorious Cape Peninsula*

Surf bathing on unrivalled sea beaches.
Sea angling from rock bound coasts for the finest sporting fish of the world.

Trout fishing in Golden Rivers—the angler's paradise.

Golf on sporty courses midst nearby towering mountains.

Year-round outdoor tennis on fast, true, ant-heap courts.

You travel on comfortable railroads or along fine motor roads with modern hotels to rest in.

Write for detailed information and free booklet, "Outlook in S. A.," or send 12c (to cover postage) for fully illustrated travel literature.

**GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
OF SOUTH AFRICA**

Bowling Green Office Building
11 Broadway, New York City



Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Rochester—Scrantom's Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandervoort, & Barney.
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pilot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. In this book widely divergent lives are brought to the same, simultaneous end, thus giving the author the opportunity to unite in a pattern otherwise unrelated character studies. It is a wise and moving account of the workings of God's providence, beautifully written. Its popularity speaks well for our discrimination as readers. Reviewed by Mary Shirley, January 4.

"Claire Ambler," by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran & Co. The typical and painfully realistic flapper and flirt at sixteen, twenty, and twenty-five, breaking hearts at home and abroad, and emerging unscathed, to become a "fine American woman." Reviewed January 25.

"Iron and Smoke," by Sheila Kaye-Smith. E. P. Dutton & Co. This story of the friendship of two women, united by their common love for a dead man whose own love of the land has defeated and betrayed them both, is a fine character study and an interesting story of county England under the rapid changes of the last forty years. It should please lovers of able, tempered writing. Reviewed February 1.

"Red Rust," by Cornelia James Cannon. Little, Brown & Co. This is a tragedy, confused by an over-complicated plot. The book takes its title from a wheat blight, and the theme is that of man's struggle with nature. Matts, a determined and saintly young farmer, helped by his neighbor, Lena, and her family, is persuaded by Lena to marry her when her brutal husband dies. She struggles with him through many competent but lukewarm pages to raise the rust-resistant wheat, and she also fights and conquers his love for her daughter. Matts succeeds with the wheat. In a nicely ironic piece of writing, a visitor to the Minnesota farm offers him "ten dollars for those two heads." But Lena fails. Her epileptic son kills Matts with a shotgun. If you like that kind of a story, you will enjoy it.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Reviewed in this issue.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. Those who enjoyed "Ariel" will want to read this and the change of subject from revolutionary poet to imperialistic statesman need not deter them. Disraeli, a romantic figure of an almost fictional type, is a happy choice for an imaginative biography. Maurois breathes life into the Victorian political figures. Reviewed by Lawrence F. Abbott, February 22.

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This account of some aspects of Indian society is not calculated to endear us to India, but is providing lively reading for lots of Americans. We suggest that they follow it with "A Son of Mother India," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, E. P. Dutton & Co. Reviewed June 22.

"Count Luckner, the Sea Devil," by Lowell Thomas. Doubleday, Doran & Co. This exciting story of the gallant German privateer of the World War, a figure of the everlasting romance of the high seas, makes good reading for adventure lovers. Reviewed January 4.

"My Life," by Isadora Duncan. Boni & Liveright. This autobiography of a "natural savage" is the touching and often inspiring story of a great-souled romantic, which makes magnificent reading for those who have the sympathy, experience, and breadth of vision to understand this great personality. Reviewed by Lewis Galantière, January 18.

"We," by Charles A. Lindbergh. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The young hero's story of his life is a direct, simple, and often moving account. It deserves a permanent place among boys' books and with the "inspirational" reading for which librarians are always looking. Reviewed August 17.

The American Drama

By ROSAMOND GILDER

"A History of the American Drama from the Civil War to the Present Day," by Arthur Hobson Quinn. Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Quinn's two noble volumes on "The History of the American Drama from the Civil War to the Present Day" are so impressive as works of scholarship, so valuable as mines of information, and so entertaining as reading matter that it would be invidious to greet them with anything less than warm enthusiasm and gratitude. Dr. Quinn has attacked chaos and from it marshaled an impressive order. Under his masterly baton types and tendencies flower from what seemed merely dullness. The drama of realism, the drama of romance, the drama of Eugene O'Neill, each takes its appointed place in the serried ranks of American plays and playwrights, and each in turn is given a careful and considered appraisal. Beginning at the point where his previous study—"The History of the American Drama from the Beginning to the Civil War"—broke off, Dr. Quinn takes up historically the work and influence of such leading figures in American play-writing as Augustin Daly, Bronson Howard, Howells, Harrigan, Hoyt, and the rest, studying each from a historical and critical standpoint. He underscores particularly the influence of certain writers on the main currents of modern play-writing: the efforts of Herne, Thomas, Gillette, and Fitch to bring a realistic treatment of actual life into the theatre; the development of character types fostered by Harrigan and Hoyt and influenced by Bret Harte and Mark Twain; the constant stream of pure romance and melodrama which reached a gorgeous apotheosis in the work of Belasco and Long. Dr. Quinn, in addition to biographical and bibliographical details on all important writers, gives a synopsis of every play with any claim of survival value.

Straight to the land of gold led the Overland Trail of '49

*—the Overland Route today
follows that direct pathway*

The most dramatic movement of peoples in American history took place in 1849-50, year of the spectacular gold rush to California.

The bulk of heroic migration entered California by the Overland Trail, crossing the Sierra Nevada range near Lake Tahoe and Donner Lake.

When the western link of America's first railroad to the Pacific Coast was completed in 1869—Central Pacific Railroad, forerunner of Southern Pacific—it followed this direct route.

Southern Pacific's "San Francisco Overland Limited" today bears you smoothly over that Overland Trail of history—over the Rockies, by rail across the Great Salt Lake, through the West's wide spaces, over the Sierra, past American River Canyon, and down across Central California,—63 hours, Chicago to San Francisco.

*Only Southern Pacific offers four great
routes for transcontinental travel*

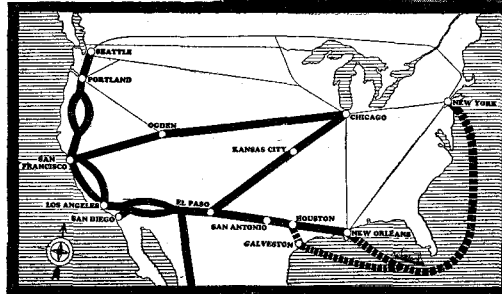
All four Southern Pacific routes for transcontinental travel follow the best natural pathways as pioneered by frontiersmen and covered wagon. The other three routes are:

SUNSET ROUTE, New Orleans to San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco, crossing Louisiana, Texas, and the great Southwest with its colorful Apache Trail Highway. Enters California by its sunniest approach. This is the route of "Sunset Limited," famed round the world.

GOLDEN STATE ROUTE, the direct line from Chicago to Southern California via Kansas City, following the Longhorn Trail of song and story to El Paso, where it effects juncture with **SUNSET ROUTE** straight for Los Angeles (or San Diego via Carriso Gorge). No train excels the "Golden State Limited." None is faster, Chicago to Southern California.

SHASTA ROUTE, from the Pacific Northwest into California via Portland and Crater Lake, for travelers to the Coast by northern railroads. This route, of outstanding scenic interest, follows the pioneer Oregon-California stage coach line. It offers the "Cascade," notable new train.

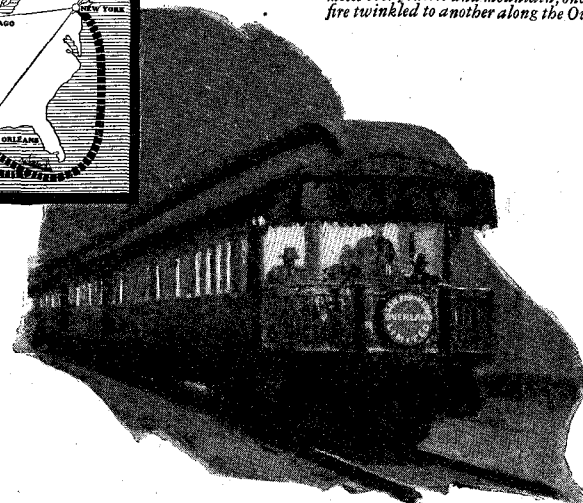
Go one route, return another, and see the whole Coast. Stop over anywhere.



In the historic winter of 1849-50 for a thousand miles over prairie and mountain, one pioneer camp fire twinkled to another along the Overland Trail

Southern Pacific

Write your name and address in margin, tear off and mail to E. W. Clapp, Traffic Manager, Dept. L-2, Rm. 1022, 310 S. Michigan, Blvd., Chicago, for folder, "How Best to See the Pacific Coast."



**Eighty-third
Annual Statement**

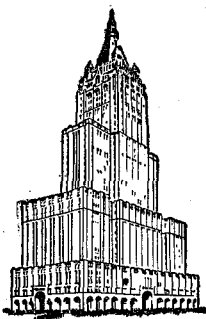
New York Life

Insurance Company

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, President

346 Broadway . . . New York, N. Y.

**A Purely Mutual Company.
Incorporated under the Laws of
the State of New York
Founded in 1845**



HOME OFFICE BUILDING
Now being erected on site
of famous old Madison
Square Garden

1927 A PROSPEROUS YEAR

New insurance paid for in 1927	Over	\$927,000,000
Insurance owned by policy-holders on December 31	Over	\$6,285,000,000
Number of policies owned by them		2,381,186

1927 PAYMENTS to POLICY-HOLDERS and BENEFICIARIES

Paid to living policy-holders	Over	\$90,500,000
Paid to Beneficiaries in Death Claims	Over	\$48,500,000
Dividends (included above)	Over	\$53,000,000
Paid policy-holders and beneficiaries since organization	Over	\$2,640,000,000

CREDIT and DEBIT SUMMARY on DEC. 31, 1927

Amount of the Company's obligations (liabilities) and the funds held to
meet them, showing a surplus or general contingency fund of
\$115,227,812.30

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Real Estate owned and First Mortgage Loans on Farms, Homes and Business Property . . .	\$503,308,744.93	Reserves—ample with fu- ture premiums & Inter- est to pay all insurance & annuity obligations as they become due . .	\$1,215,522,705.25
Bonds of the United States, Other Govern- ments, States, Cities, Counties, Public Utili- ties, Railroads, etc. . . .	628,437,285.07	Dividends payable to policy-holders in 1928	59,886,112.00
Policy Loans, Cash and Other Assets.	269,330,791.52	All other Liabilities. . . .	10,440,191.97
Total Funds for Policy-holders' Protection.	\$1,401,076,821.52	Total Liabilities.	\$1,285,849,009.22
		General Contingency Fund	115,227,812.30
		Total.	\$1,401,076,821.52

THE OUTLOOK RECOMMENDS

The Pratt Teachers' Agency

70 Fifth Avenue, New York
Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools.
EXPERT SERVICE

WRITE OUR TRAVEL BUREAU

We are equipped to give information to the traveler on
every country in the world. Write us your problems. This
service is gratis.

EVA R. DIXON, Director

THE OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU
130 East 16th Street, New York City

Fifth Large Printing in Two Weeks

THE PORTRAIT INVISIBLE

Joseph Gollomb's New Mystery Novel

"Our judges are always looking for detective stories that are sufficiently
different from the usual pattern to be recommended. *The Portrait
Invisible* is decidedly one." —*Book-of-the-Month Club Bulletin*

At all bookstores now—\$2.00

The Macmillan Company New York

produced between 1860 and 1927! The mind reels at the thought of the patient, nay, heroic labor that has gone into the reading and digesting of the mass of deadly writing—it can hardly be called literature—which constitutes the background of the selected material Dr. Quinn presents.

Many of the plays discussed in the first volume have never been printed, most of them are difficult to secure, so that Dr. Quinn's synopses, necessary to the pointing of his text, also form a convenient body of data for this period in dramatic literature. Dr. Quinn gives with becoming dignity and seriousness outlines of plots which often strike the reader as humorous, being, like the clothes of the same period, only slightly out of mode, and not yet sufficiently remote to have become glamorous. Wherever space permits and the importance of the play under discussion warrants, Dr. Quinn supplements his plot analysis by extracts from the text and remembered details of acting and production.

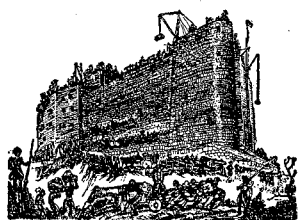
In the second volume Dr. Quinn boldly embarks on a discussion of the drama of the twentieth century—from William Vaughn Moody to "Broadway," 1927 model, a period crowded with such variety of achievement and such confusion of values that it might well discourage a less assured and experienced traveler. Again in this discussion of contemporary playwrights the biographical and statistical material presented is as permanently valuable as it is immediately entertaining, and cannot fail to be of intense interest to every intelligent play-goer today. In his sympathetic chapter on "Eugene O'Neill, Poet and Mystic," his aim is to clarify as far as possible the "O'Neill myth" and to present clearly the various types of drama through which O'Neill has sought to present his ideas. A hitherto unpublished letter from O'Neill to Dr. Quinn, included in this chapter, is particularly interesting in view of the current productions of one who, in Dr. Quinn's words, has become "the concrete expression of the greatest principal in art, that of freedom—freedom," as Dr. Quinn characteristically amends, "to choose one's subject anywhere, to treat it in any manner, providing always that the characters are great figures and that the treatment is sincere."

There is, at any rate, no doubt as to the sincerity as well as the earnestness of Dr. Quinn's approach to his subject. He is convinced of the ultimate value and importance of the American playwright's contribution to the drama as a whole, and he does not hesitate to defend it in the presence of the great names of Eu-

Continuously
a best seller
for the last fif-
teen months.

NAPOLEON
THE MAN OF DESTINY
By Emil Ludwig
732 pages, large octavo.
Illustrated, \$3.00.
At all booksellers.
BONI & LIVERIGHT, N. Y.

GOOD BOOKS



BLACK MAJESTY

The Life of Henry Christophe, King of Haiti
By JOHN W. VANDERCOOK
Author of "Tom-Tom"
A GREAT BIOGRAPHY
\$2.50
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS

When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both the old and the new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.



By the Roman Splendor Ships to GENOA or NAPLES the enchanting gateways to the continent.

ROMA

March 10 April 14

DUILIO

March 24 April 28

The Popular Cabin
Class Steamer

COLOMBO April 2
May 9

Sitmar DeLuxe Connecting Line from Naples and Genoa to Egypt, Asia Minor, Constantinople.

Illustrated Booklets, rates and full information
sent on request.

NAVIGAZIONE GENERALE ITALIANA

Italia America Shipping Corp., General Agents
1 State St., N. Y. Or Local Steamship Agents

rope. "This is not the place to discuss relative values," he says in contrasting the drama of revolt in America with that in the Old World, "but it must be recognized that, great as the power of Ibsen and Strindberg may be, they present those facts of life which men must forget if life is to be noble or even endurable." This, certainly, is not the place to take exception to Dr. Quinn's philosophy or to wonder at so categorical a denial of the present trend in psychology, which, if it has achieved anything of value, it is the reaffirmation of the truth that "facing facts" is a fundamental necessity of health and sanity.

Dr. Quinn's instinctive dislike of what he terms Scandinavian pessimism inevitably colors his judgment of plays and playwrights, but an even more important factor to be borne in mind in reading his book is his championship of the drama as the major ingredient in that indivisible whole which we know as the theatre.

"After all," says Dr. Quinn, "the main function of the theatre in America should be the encouragement of the American playwright, for the theatre is transitory, the drama permanent." In making this statement Dr. Quinn enunciates the credo of the "historian of the drama" and makes clear the foundation upon which his evaluations of things theatrical is based. To him, in the words of another writer on the drama, "the primary magic of the theatre is the magic of the spoken (or, more specifically, the written) word," and in common with many critics and dramatists, he forgets the extraordinary resilience of the theatre which has survived long periods of time when the drama itself was practically non-existent. In this age of specialization the drama must, perhaps, be taken from its setting and treated as a separate study, but undoubtedly something vital is lost by this sectional analysis of what is, after all, a complete, if composite whole. Dr. Quinn's history gives little or no impression of the renaissance in the theatre which, originating in Europe, has had its reanimating effect on the American stage. Stimulated by the prophetic fervor of Appia and Craig, and moved by the productions of Antoine, Copeau, and the Moscow Art Theatre, to mention only the most obvious influences, the artists of the theatre in America have perfected an instrument of flexible beauty that now and again has flashed into amazing life. Dr. Quinn deliberately ignores this whole aspect of the theatre, confining himself throughout to his study of plays and playwrights, and merely indicating that a change has come over the complexion of our theatre, but giving little or no indication of its sources or its



THORNTON WILDER

Author of

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

*A philosophical novel
which has become the
country's best seller*

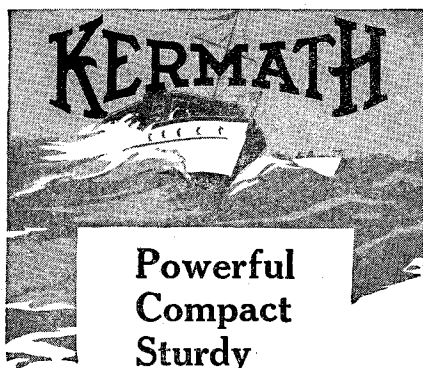
WILLIAM LYON PHELPS writes
in the February Scribner's

"THORNTON WILDER is a star of the first magnitude; he will take his place among the leading novelists of our time. This is a work that no other man could have written. One hesitates to use the word genius, but there is something akin to that mysterious essence in the pages of this novel."

"THERE is no newcomer on the horizon whose future I would bet on with so much enthusiasm. He is almost alone in his eminence. At the age of thirty he has achieved the astonishing feat of writing a classic."
—BURTON RASCOE.

At all bookstores, \$2.50

Albert & Charles Boni
66 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



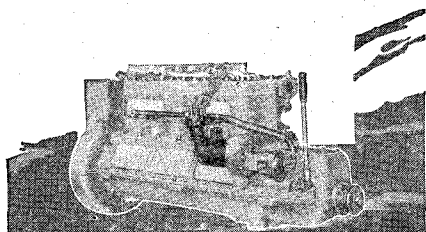
You who are about to buy a new boat engine—we'd like to talk to you about Kermath. Here is a powerful, sturdy line of highly efficient motors built by an organization of engine experts. Thousands in use. Let us refer you to satisfied Kermath users right near you. Low first cost. Low maintenance. Write for catalog.

3 to 150 H. P.
\$135 to \$2300

KERMATH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

5887 Commonwealth Avenue, Detroit, Michigan
90 King St. W., Toronto, Ontario

"A Kermath Always Runs"



JAMES BORING'S CRUISES

NORTH CAPE

By Chartered White Star Liner

S. S. CALGARIC

To the Land of the Midnight Sun

Leaves Montreal June 21st for Iceland, Norway's fjords, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and other European ports. Stop-over privileges. Rates \$550 up. Shore trips included.

Fourth Annual Mediterranean Cruise
February, 1929

Inquire Your Own Agent or
James Boring's Travel Service, Inc.
Dept. N-343
730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.
New York

meaning. To supplement Dr. Quinn's account we need only turn to his bibliography, selecting, for instance, such books as Sheldon Cheney's "Art Theatre," in its 1925 edition, Kenneth McGowan and Robert Edmund Jones's "Theatre of Tomorrow," or H. K. Morderwell's "Theatre of To-day" in its 1927 edition, with a preface by John Mason Brown, to cover those aspects of the American theatre not included in Dr. Quinn's history. Two new books, so recently published as to have escaped Dr. Quinn's thorough compilations, will be found particularly stimulating and valuable as supplementary to his account. These are Sheldon Cheney's "Stage Decoration" (the John Day Company) and "Theatre" (Little, Brown & Co.), edited by Edith J. R. Isaacs, a volume of essays devoted to many phases of the theatre, including the drama, and giving expression to the point of view of some thirty or more workers in and around the theatre today.

Midwinter Fiction

THERE will be evenings, as the spring comes on, when storms have made the movies hard to reach, have put the radio out of commission, and have discouraged the neighbors from coming in to play bridge. They are evenings which demand fiction. To supply that demand there are plenty of new novels in the book-stalls.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole (Doubleday, Doran & Co.), will find its readers without looking. His books are like Chesterfield cigarettes; they satisfy. The present one deals with a section of English aristocracy. There are dukes and duchesses about. Among them move the appealing figures of two sisters, beautiful Rosalind and Janet "the treasure." The story is of Janet's marriage of convenience, which becomes through grief and pity a spiritual marriage, and of Rosalind's marriage of passion, which ends in tragedy. The characterizations are brilliant, the dialogue sparkling. The book is a small but substantial world. Romantic fundamentally, touched lightly but sharply with satire, Hugh Walpole's comedies of manners follow the solid, comforting tradition, and follow it well.

"The Way Things Are," by E. M. Delafield (Harper & Brothers), might have been a heavy-footed problem novel had not the author's deft touch, amused sympathy with fallible humanity, and nice taste in satire made it instead excellent light reading. It is the story of so many ladies. Laura Temple, agree-

ably but not profoundly married, well supplied with children, house, and servants, envies the freedom of the younger generation and seeks to copy its outward forms. But in trying to find in a lover the romantic outlet which she feels entitled to she discovers that it is the decision of character and the detachment of spirit in the modern girl which makes her what she is, and capable of carrying on what (or as, if you like) she does. One might wonder if the decision may not be a hard heart and the detachment cold blood. E. M. Delafield appears not to wonder about that. And it never needs occur to her heroine, for she allows things as they are, events, to shape her course of action, and is thereby saved, as most people are, from the necessity of making a drastic decision.

People who want their fiction short and to the sharp point, whether light or solid, may not enjoy "The Wayward Man," by St. John Ervine (the Macmillan Company). But to those who like a long book, with plenty of incident, to be sure, but still more filled with that detail which makes the characters real, makes one dislike or cherish them, and compels one to follow their careers with concern—to those readers we recommend "The Wayward Man." Lovers of Dickens should enjoy it. It is the story of a boy who would not stay at home and amount to something; of his mother, who intended that he should; of his adventures, his returns and forth-farings, his marriage, his attempt to settle down and keep store and his complete failure to do so. There are fights and shipwrecks; and family scenes, funny and dreadful. And always there is the wayward Robert trying to run away from the women and things that mean to have and hold him. From his beginnings, where he precipitates the conversion of a recalcitrant drunk by falling through the roof of the revival hut, to his final appearance, sailing out of the Irish harbor under the eyes of mother, wife, sweetheart, Robert is an engaging and touching figure. But his kind is a bother when it gets out from between book covers.

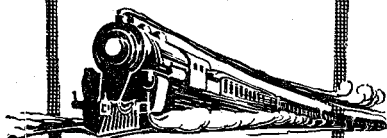
In "Shaken by the Wind" (the Macmillan Company) Ray Strachey has used material of great fictional value, which would have provided in abler hands the stuff for a powerful book. It is the story of one of the ecstatic cults which flourished in the more isolated communities of America in the mid-nineteenth century, and of the havoc that it plays with a family. The plot is conventional. From the entrance of

Stops All Travel Sickness

preventing nausea, faintness, headaches, dizziness and nervous exhaustion.



"Mothersill's" will make your journey by sea, train, auto or air comfortable, pleasant and free from distress.



For over 30 years leading physicians and travelers have enthusiastically endorsed its use.

75c. & \$1.50 at
Drug Stores or direct
THE MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO., Ltd.
New York, Montreal, London, Paris



The Name Samuel French

Means the largest and choicest assortment of plays in the world.

Send for our new 352-page catalogue
IT IS FREE

SAMUEL FRENCH

Incorporated 1898

THOS. R. EDWARDS, Managing Director
25 West 45th Street, New York City

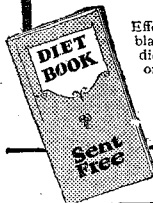
Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT WITHOUT DRUGS OR TIRESOME EXERCISES

Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail-order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.



HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
294 Good Health Building, Battle Creek, Mich.

Brother Rufus Hollins, the spellbinding prophet, one knows that the thick streams of his eloquence will readily convert father Sonning to his hysterical doctrine; that he will debauch the adopted Sonning daughter under the guise of spiritual freedom and mystical unity, nearly ruin the son, who loves her, and finally anathematize the Sonning mother, whose remaining shreds of sense do at last save the family. The book fails in characterization; but its facts, founded on papers in the author's possession, are strong. Ray Strachey manages to tell a melodramatic story with poise, and she foregoes the joys of satire. Reading the book, it is possible to question whether we are not yet, even in our supposedly sophisticated communities, a nation of joiners, ripe for any cult. We may not be shaken by such wind as blew upon the Sonnings, but it does not take a very heavy breeze to make us quiver like aspen leaves.

"The Bonney Family," by Ruth Suckow (A. A. Knopf), is the work of a writer whose prose style, intelligence, and sympathy make a claim for serious attention. In the sense of the new "realism," with which Ruth Suckow's name is carelessly associated, the Bonney family is hardly a typical one. The Bonneys would be notable people in any small town, and for that reason they take on an interest that some of our current fictional families lack. Ruth Suckow's books follow a running pattern rather than a scheme of introduction, mounting action, crisis, and fall. This gives them a very "lifelike" effect. Her interest is in people and things as they are, and not as they appear. The adolescents of the Bonney family are not types, nor are they funny, except when they are. The parents are neither stupid nor brutal. Wilfred and his pet animals; the overgrown Sarah, bluff and hearty and uninterested in girlish pleasures; Warren, who may turn out to be a genius, but in the meantime is having a bad time with his hair and his collars; his intelligent mother—these people are good to read about. "The Bonney Family" would be excellent for reading aloud—if parents still read and children still listen.

Nelson Antrim Crawford in "A Man of Learning" (Little, Brown & Co.) writes the biography of a fictitious American university president. He plays the part of admiring biographer and friend. His subject, Arthur Patrick (Ould Sod Pat, when he is speaking in Irish communities) Redfield, Ph.D., LL.D., rotary wheel in buttonhole, Elk's tooth and Phi Beta Kappa key on



Your European Itinerary

should include

ENGLAND
&
SCOTLAND

Where your own language
is spoken

Besides this, these countries teem with historic & romantic places of interest, such as Ely, Cambridge, Norwich, Boston, York & Edinburgh

Roman Remains, Seaside Resorts, Inland Spas, Golf Centres, Dales, Moors, Scotland's Mountains, Lochs & Enchanting Scenery

Your tour can be made more enjoyable by a trip in the
FLYING SCOTSMAN

if you travel by
L. N. E. R.

Plan well in advance by sending
now for **FREE LITERATURE**

Write to:—

H. J. KETCHAM, General Agent
London & North Eastern Railway
311 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

**LONDON &
NORTH EASTERN
RAILWAY**

Know
when
to call
the Doctor

Keep a ~
Tycos
Fever
Thermometer
in the Home

If your Dealer cannot supply You, write
Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER N.Y.
Canadian Plant, Tycos Bldg. Toronto

There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose



CROWN
Lavender
Smelling Salts



At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere.

Schiffelin & Co., 170 William St., New York

**Write
Your Name**

on the coupon below and
mail it to us for booklet
telling how you can invest
**\$100, \$500, \$1,000 or
more in safe, first mort-
gage investments**

and obtain 6½%

Investors in every State
and in more than 50
countries and territories
abroad have purchased
these securities for a lib-
eral income with safety.

INFORMATION COUPON
THE F. H. SMITH CO.
Investment Bankers—Founded 1873
Smith Bldg., Washington, D. C.
285 Madison Ave., New York City
Branch offices in other Cities

Gentlemen:—I am interested in Safe
investments only. Send me copy of your
latest illustrated booklet.

NAME

ADDRESS "6-23"

watch-chain, is American opportunism personified. How typical he is this reviewer, inexperienced in universities, does not know. But as student, doctor, dean, president, and finally writer on "Service," Redfield represents a "trend" certainly, and an awful trend at that. "A Man of Learning" may be classed as fiction. Its author is a follower of the Sinclair Lewis school, a journalist pamphleteer. As such, his book is naturally a story with a purpose. It bears about the same relation to satire as current farce does to Restoration comedy. But its tiresome lack of subtlety does no harm if, as this reviewer believes, it has been written in order to shock into alert attention a great many careless or complacent people, and not in order to entertain a few already watchful ones. Like Sinclair Lewis's books, "A Man of Learning" will prompt plenty of readers to thank God they are not as other men are, and to think that So-and-So and So-and-So ought to have their noses held until they have swallowed it.

Two special recommendations which this reviewer would like to make have been saved for the last, partly because the books are not likely to be so generally known, and partly because they will appeal only to a special taste. Sigrid Undset's epic trilogy "Kristin Lavransdatter," published here by A. A. Knopf, established her literary reputation, but scarcely won her the public which her work deserves. The new book, "The Axe" (translated by A. C. Chater, A. A. Knopf, publisher), would delight many more people than are likely to read it unless it is brought particularly to their attention. It is a story of thirteenth-century Norway, cold, dark, brooding as the northern winter, briefly and fiercely passionate as its hot, sudden summers. In plot it follows a familiar romantic plan; Olaf, foster son of Steinnfinn, betrothed in childhood to Ingunn, Steinnfinn's daughter, outlawed for killing a kinsman, returns after years to find Ingunn the mother of a child by a wandering and despised Iclander, and takes her away with him into a future already clouded with tragedy. Out of this unoriginal material a fine book has been made, deeply moving in content, icy in detachment, fiery in emotional quality. In interesting contrast to the contemporary novel, where character is built by the exposition of the inward sources of conduct and feeling, Sigrid Undset's work shows the development of character through the action of the story. She deals, whatever her setting, with the eternal conflicts and problems of humanity.

As well try with a clumsy hand to detach a cobweb intact from the green stalks that hold it as to set down a comprehensible résumé of the story of "The Door Unlatched," by Marie Cher (Minton, Balch & Co.). The theme is one which will be either cherished or scorned. Possessed by a strong sense of the past, intimately attached to the old quarters of Paris where the sad ghosts of the Revolution walk, steeped in that period of history, its physical aspect and its people, Marie Cher has woven upon this frame a poignant story of a man, a child, and a woman, the child's mother. The door which is unlatched is the door to a formerly lived life. The psychic state induced, presumably, by opium opens it and admits into the body of Roger, in whose mind past and present are always interwoven, the personality of Raoul, an innocent bystander of the days of the French Terror. The woman whom Raoul loves and loses to the guillotine is inextricably confused with Evelyn, the modern woman whom Roger does not love. The living child, Fan, Roger's dear and brilliant pupil, is interchangeable with the spirit Lucie, the child of Adrienne, Raoul's beloved. When Roger emerges from his final possession by Raoul, of whose last agonies he has been the harrowed participant, he carries over into his own emotional life Raoul's frustrated passion for Adrienne, and it becomes transferred to the living Evelyn. A tortured love episode, through which Roger moves in the elusive mental state that is between reality and dream, is broken by the complete disappearance of the lingering Raoul influence, and the full reassertion of Roger's own personality with its mere cool friendliness for Evelyn and its primary interest in her child. For Roger there is nothing left but an overdose of his drug. The door will open again, will let him pass through, and will close behind him. This story, distorted in this telling inevitably but most regretfully, is told with sympathy, imagination, and skill. Marie Cher writes with real distinction of style. Her prose is jeweled; the artistry of her use of sound and cadence is deliberate, but never precious. Of the incidental pleasures which she offers to her readers, the greatest, perhaps, is in her picture of Paris, full of atmosphere, very moving to a lover of that lovely city. But the book is more than that. Like the cobweb, the delicacy of its appearance belies the strength of the material from which it is made. It is a book which disturbs, as sweet and troubling dreams disturb the first moments of awakening.

F. C. L. R.

The Outlook CLASSIFIED Section

Copy for March 21 issue
due on or before March 9

Phone Stuyvesant 7874
or write

THE OUTLOOK CO., 120 East 16th St., N. Y. C.

Rates for Classified Advertisements 60 cents a Line

Where to Buy or Sell
Where to Travel—How to Travel
Use this Section to Fill Your Wants

Tours and Travel

TEMPLE TOURS

50 Spring and Summer Tours to
EUROPE

Delightful Old World Routes
Extensive Motoring & Sightseeing
Small Parties, Low Prices
Send for Booklet

Cruises to
The MEDITERRANEAN
Sailing April and June
with Tours through
EUROPE AND NEAR EAST
Famous Lecturers, Low Prices
Send for Booklet

TEMPLE TOURS

447-A Park Square Building, Boston
New York, Chicago, San Francisco

Church Touring Guild

Rev. S. PARKES CADMAN, President

TOURS TO EUROPE
\$275 up

HOLY LAND

AND MEDITERRANEAN
Accompanied by Eminent Scholars

BOOKLET FROM EDUCATION DEPT.
CHURCH TOURING GUILD
70 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

STUDENTS EUROPE TEACHERS
The Leading Student Tours
for the INTELLECTUAL ELITE
Organized
Entertainments
Congenial
Associations
265 Colleges
Represented in 1927
All Expenses
300
British Isles
France, Spain
Belgium, Holland
Switzerland, Italy
Germany, Austria
Northern Europe
BY CHARTERED CUNARD TOURIST CABIN
"There is no better way" — Write or call
STUDENTS TRAVEL CLUB
351 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
CUNARD ANCHOR

Travel

for fun, cultural
and professional
advancement

Our Tours to Europe
and the Mediterranean

Specializing in literature, art, history,
language or music, will vitalize your
work and enrich your whole life.

Send for booklet

Intercollegiate Tours

444-K Park Square Bldg., Boston

Thompson Tours to Europe

Something Different and Inexpensive
Special party consisting of 10 members
personally conducted by Miss Y. Lemay, late
of Paris. Most attractive itinerary, covering
France, Spain, Italy, and England.
228 S. Washington Ave., Saginaw, Mich.
214 Majestic Bldg., Detroit.

EUROPE, 37 Days, \$295

Motor Tours \$7 a day.
All Expenses.
Booklet 200 Tours Sent Free.
ALLEN TOURS, Inc., 154 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

EUROPE • 1928

Student Tours from \$275
Select Summer Tours from \$775
(High Grade Hotels)
PRIVATE MOTOR TOURS

Steamship tickets to all parts of the world.
Cruises; Mediterranean, West Indies, Bermuda
STRATFORD TOURS
452 Fifth Ave., New York

AUTO TOURS IN EUROPE

Dorland Travel Service provides tours
throughout Europe. Finest cars with superior
chauffeurs from \$6 a day. Tours, inclusive
hotels, from \$15 a day. Itineraries to suit
individual requirements. Road, rail, air
tours, steamship and hotel reservations. In-
formation Bureau, Reading Room, etc., free
to all visitors. Write for booklet of spec-
imen itineraries and rates to
Outlook Travel Bureau, New York, or
Dorland House, 14 Regent St., London

Motor Through England

Automobiles of every make to be used
with or without chauffeur. Free advice.
Personal attention.

MAJOR W. T. BLAKE, Ltd.
578 Madison Avenue, New York

ENGLISH & SCOTTISH TOURS
Via private cars, moderate prices. De-
tails and booklets may be obtained from The
Outlook Travel Bureau, or Mallinson, Wingate
House, Windermerre, The Lake District, Eng.

DIXIE TOURS TO EUROPE & AMERICA
Earn trip by securing members.
BOX 204, EUSTIS, FLORIDA

Small, select, personally conducted tour.
England, France, Rhine country, Swit-
zerland, and Italy. \$670 up. Mrs. HENRY N.
DUNNING, 3 West 95th St., New York City.

Hotels and Resorts

Cuba

The Savoy, Havana F Esq. 15, Vedado.
American plan. Moder-
ate. Delightfully located. Well run. Rates,
details, direct, or Outlook Travel Bureau.

England

LONDON — ENGLAND

Florence Hotel

Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park W 2
Old Established High Class Family Hotel
Especially favored by people of simple tastes.
Famed for quiet comfort and excellent
cuisine. Situated most convenient and pleasant
part of West End, few yards Hyde Park. All
bedrooms with running hot and cold water. No
charge baths, boots, or attendance. Moderate
terms for full board or room and breakfast.
Tariff, etc., direct or through
Outlook Travel Bureau
Rooms Reserved Against Deposit

Scotland

EDINBURGH. Mrs. Ross, 69-71 Leam-
ington Terrace. Select boarding establish-
ment. Central. Every home comfort. Details,
bookings, direct or Outlook Travel Bureau.

District of Columbia

HOTEL POTOMAC Washington,
D. C.
ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF CAPITOL
Quiet location. Moderate rates.

New York City

HOTEL BRISTOL
129-135 W. 48th St., N.Y.

Rooms with Bath Evening Dinner and
Single—\$3-\$3.50—\$4-\$5 Sunday noon. \$1.00
Double—\$5-\$6-\$7 Luncheon .50
Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room
For comfort, for convenience to all parts of
the metropolis, for its famous dining service
come to Hotel Bristol. You'll feel "at home."

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq.,
New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining
the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of
an ideal home. American plan \$4 per day and
up. European plan \$1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

Hotels and Resorts

New York City

Hotel Wentworth
59 West 46th St., New York City
The hotel you have been looking for
which offers rest, comfortable appointments,
thoughtful cuisine. In the heart of theatre
and shopping center, just off Fifth Ave.
Moderate. Further details, rates, booklets,
direct, or Outlook Travel Bureau.

New York

HURRICANE LODGE and Cottages
HEART OF THE ADIRONDACKS
Hurricane, Essex Co., N. Y.
Secluded and accessible. Altitude 1,800 feet. Unsurpassed
view of fifty miles Sentinel
Range, Whiteface to Marcy.
Golf links, saddle horses,
swimming pool, tennis. Fresh vegetables,
fine dairy. Furnished cottages. Separate
suites and single rooms. Open June 14 to
Oct. 1. Special rates in June and September.

S. Belknap, Manager
K. Belknap, Secretary Hurricane Lodge
Hurricane, Essex Co., N. Y.

REST FOR ELDERLY LADIES

Do you long for peace, rest, and sunshine?
For lovely roses and a garden of old-fashioned
flowers? I have them here at my own home
in beautiful Westchester for a very limited
number of guests. Particulars on application.
Mrs. SARAH U. HARDING
405 Gramatan Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware
Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommo-
dations; famous for good food. Write direct or
Outlook's Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

North Carolina

The Manor and Cottages
in beautiful Albemarle Park
Asheville, N. C.
A "perfectly charming" English
Inn in the glorious Land of the
Sky. Southern hospitality, per-
fect service, concentrated comfort.
Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate
Three splendid courses.
ALBERT H. MALONE, Lessee and Manager
Write for booklet.

In America -- An English Inn

South Carolina

Enjoy an early springtime in old
South Carolina. Sunshiny rooms.
Comfort. Excellent cuisine. Rates moder-
ate. References exchanged. 9,017, Outlook.

Virginia

VALLEY OF VIRGINIA FOR SPRING
Comfortable, attractive house. Home cooking. MISSIE
TABB, 411 West Clifford St., Winchester, Va.

Wyoming

TRIANGLE F. RANCH
BONDURANT, WYOMING
The owner will accept five boys or young
men (12 to 20 years) on his ranch under
personal supervision. Saddle horse and
equipment supplied. Wholesome, healthful
summer holiday. 2½ months, \$375. Only highest
type references. WALLACE E. HIATT.

A GREAT VACATION

Trapper Lodge, Sixteen-Bar-One Ranch
Shell, Big Horn Co., Wyoming
In Big Horn Mountain cow country. Horse-
back riding, lake and stream fishing. Our
garden and dairy herd supply our table. A
complete mountain-top camp maintained.
For reservations write GAY WYMAN, Mgr.

Real Estate

New York Leasing Service Corp.

565 Fifth Avenue, New York
Tel. Murray Hill 9768

A New and Distinctive Service
Let us assume your responsibility in
looking for new apartment,
office, or store.
A Personalized Service

Bermuda

For rent, delightful houses for season in beau-
tiful Bermuda. All types, every conveni-
ence. List and details. Mrs. Grosvenor Tucker,
Hamilton, Bermuda. Cable: Teucro, Bermuda.

Canada

CANADA TAX SALE

BUY THESE BARGAINS BY MAIL

Pay in Monthly Payments of \$5 or \$10

5 acres on Georgian Bay	\$67.50
25 acres with Creek	\$72.00
40 acres Prairie Land	\$90.00
99 acres on Lake	\$432.00
100 acres Ontario	\$202.50
120 acres Ocean Front	\$522.00
300 acres Sporting Estate	\$585.00

These are a few items taken at random
from our new 20-page illustrated booklet
of Canadian properties seized and sold
for taxes, which is free for the asking.
Amount given above is the full price, no
mortgage, no further payments. Beau-
tifully situated hunting camps and fish-
ing lodges where there is real hunting
and fishing, summer cottage sites, is-
lands, heavily wooded acreages situated
in Muskoka, Highlands of Ontario and
the New North. Also farms in Old On-
tario, Quebec, the Prairie Provinces and
British Columbia. You couldn't buy
these for ten times the price in the ordi-
nary way. Now is the time to invest in
Canada's future—minerals, forests and
farms. Don't delay. Send no money,
but send for the booklet to-day so you
will have first choice. Full particulars.
TAX SALE SERVICE
Room 622, 72 Queen Street West,
Toronto 2, Canada

Connecticut

LITCHFIELD, CONN.

Charming cottage, 7 rooms and bath,
electricity; garage; 5 acres high land on edge
of village. Price \$8,000.
C. R. DUFFIE, Litchfield, Conn.

Florida

FOR SALE farms, citrus
groves, city and
beach property. Buy or rent a home
in Florida. F. I. SOUTHWELL, Bunnell, Fla.

Maine

Cottage Rental List Ready March 15

State required size, location, price.
MAINE LAKES & COAST Co., Portland, Maine.

Rent for season
Seashore Cottage 6 rooms, bath, hot and
cold water, electric lights; fully furnished.
S. W. LITTELL, 138 S. Main St., Rockland, Me.

New Hampshire

SUGAR HILL, N. H.

NEAR SUNSET HILL HOUSE
Attractive furnished cottage, 10 rooms, 2
baths, 2 lavatories, electric lights; garage, 5
acres. Unobstructed view of three mountain
ranges. Within short motor ride of eight golf
courses. No repairs necessary. For rental dur-
ing summer season or for sale at less than cost.
J. B. HARDON, 87 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

A Mart of the Unusual

Harris Tweed Direct from makers.
Ideal sporting ma-
terial. Any length cut.
Samples free. Newall, 127 Stornoway, Scotland

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, min-
strel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts,
monologues, dialogues, recitations, entertain-
ments, musical readings, stage handbooks,
make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S.
Denson & Co., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 74,
Chicago.

For other Classified Advertisements see the
next page

THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED SECTION

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BOYS' boarding school near New York, established 1900. Opportunity. 8,279, Outlook.

BOYS' camp—Berkshires, modern equipment, very successful, bargain. Following. 8,280, Outlook.

PERPETUAL royalty interest, 640 acres in famous West Texas mineral region for \$12.50. Land under lease to large oil company. Warranty deed covering all minerals, including oil, gas, and potash. Write Louis R. Abernathy, 617-C-Petroleum Building, Houston, Texas.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

INSTITUTIONAL executives, social workers, secretaries, dietitians, cafeteria managers, governesses, companions, mothers' helpers, housekeepers. The Richards Bureau, 63 Barnes St., Providence.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at \$2 or printed stationery at \$1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—Instruction

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work, quick advancement. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite AS-5842, Washington, D. C.

HELP WANTED

WANTED, man or woman, with school clientele, interested in establishing camp for boys or girls, either personally or in corporation. Fred. A. Young, Laconia, N. H.

SITUATIONS WANTED

AMBITIOUS girl desires traveling position with individual or firm. College and business school training. Secretarial experience. Speaks French. 8,300, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman, musical, with variety of experience in home and business, desires position as companion or home manager. Protestant. 8,299, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED housekeeper, refined, educated, middle-aged, good cook. Philadelphia. Reference. Address E. H., 721 S. Main St., Athens, Pa.

EX-TRACHER, widow, middle-aged, desires position as chaperon or matron, experienced, or library work. 8,299, Outlook.

GOVERNESS—companion, mother's assistant. Educated, experienced woman. 8,292, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER. Cultured, mature woman, experienced traveler, lover of children, no encumbrances. Any location. 8,294, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER, managing, companion, hostess, gentlewoman, not servant. Excellent cook, capable, experienced. Highest references. 8,284, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

MIDDLE-aged woman desires position as companion-housekeeper, within thirty miles of New York City. Good references. 8,287, Outlook.

OCCUPATIONAL therapy. Position desired as companion to child or woman convalescing and needing various forms of hand work. References exchanged. 8,304, Outlook.

POSITION as housekeeper in home where children need mothering. Experienced. References exchanged. 8,282, Outlook.

POSITION as nursery governess by woman who is very fond of children. Experienced. References exchanged. 8,283, Outlook.

PRACTICAL companion, experienced in all home duties, convalescent care, traveled. Interested and useful as family member, suburban. Available April. State details. 8,296, Outlook.

REFINED college girl from Virginia desires position in June as social governess, social secretary, or traveling companion, abroad preferred. Especially trained. References exchanged. 8,290, Outlook.

SECRETARY—companion. Mature college bred woman, single, Christian, experienced in educational, literary, and religious education work. Traveled. Stenography. No encumbrances. Any location. 292, Outlook.

STUDENT, male, Protestant, junior in college, age 26, desires companion or tutor position for summer. Good references gladly furnished. 8,291, Outlook.

VASSAR graduate will accompany girl or woman on European trip. Fluency in French. Previous experience. 8,286, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, now in the South, wishes position. Six years' experience in tea rooms and gift shops. 8,302, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of \$10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

DOES parent or guardian need exceptionally good home for little girl? Wise care, training. Moderate cost. Country, 56 miles from Boston. Highest references. Interview Boston, New York. 8,301, Outlook.

REFINED woman (lady), tired living alone, would like to join lady alone in country home (not over fifty miles from New York) Society people and those keeping servants do not reply. Kindly state particulars. Must have my chow dog with me. 8,297, Outlook.

WANTED—A friend to help tide over a critical time in the lives of two professionals. Full particulars to inquirer. Address 8,303, Outlook.

RESEARCH WORK. Club papers carefully prepared. Reasonable rates. Patricia Dix. 8,065, Outlook.

Willis of Ohio

(Continued from page 379)

buxom, red-cheeked waitress serving huge portions of potato salad, red cabbage, and frankfurters. Willis, in short, would be mischievous but moral—never romantically sinful.

Moreover, he would fall far short of the expansive, cosmopolitan air affected by Mr. Coolidge. The present Fordney-McCumber tariff, so beloved of the President, would approximate free-trade provisions by comparison with the "good old-fashioned William McKinley tariff" Willis would sponsor. Our present isolation would assume the aspect of a mad dance of internationalism to those who stood on the ramparts of the customs, financial, and diplomatic wall which Willis would erect as a safeguard of "an America for the Americans." And within that wall the Nation would be led around in circles on a grand white-ribbon crusade by a big, blustering, well-intentioned boy. Only a few weeks ago, in enunciating an all-American platform, did Willis paint this picture of his America so that some at least who gazed thereon might book passage for "somewhere east of Suez, where there ain't no Ten Commandments and a man can raise a thirst."

IF Republicanism of the Mark Hanna species is Willis's sheet anchor, the Anti-Saloon League furnishes him with compass and binocular. Here again, however, he has undergone the usual metamorphosis to which politicians in office are subject, for it now pleases him to exhibit greater tenderness to the prohibitionists than to the abstract ideal of prohibition. Though he is spokesman

for professional drys in the Senate and author of the law barring the use of beer as medicine, no trace of moral indignation or evangelical exhortation creeps into his voice or manner as he espouses the inviolability of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act; all that may now be attributed to a desire to "keep in office" against the day when he can begin "to do good." Never was there such foot-service as that which he rendered when the League demanded that Roy A. Haynes be retained as Prohibition Commissioner. Long after such admirers of the League as President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon had agreed to give Haynes his honorable discharge for the good of the service and the Republican Party Willis was running a potato race between Anti-Saloon headquarters and the White House on behalf of the Ohio editor, whose incapacity was admitted by all except the organized drys.

He comes by his dry sympathies honestly, however. He was born only ten miles from the town where the League first opened up for business, and in an early year—1871—of the white-ribboned seventies. First as pupil and later as schoolmaster at Ohio Northern University, which was then a hotbed of Methodism and politico-religious disputes, text-books, teachers, and temperament taught him the virtues of prohibition. With more than average education for that day and place, as well as an imposing presence and voice, he was soon attracted to the pulpit, platform, and politics; and by those three useful elevators he was lifted to the Legislature in 1900 and the Governorship in 1915. For the benefit of those who harshly criticize him as a "Presidential self-starter," it may be recalled that the first outstanding

American to proclaim him publicly as a possible White House tenant was none other than the late Woodrow Wilson. Following Willis's election as Governor in the autumn of 1914, Wilson expressed the belief that Willis might be his opponent in 1916.

WITH this Wilsonian benediction, Willis arrived at the Chicago Convention in high hopes, but he stepped aside and delivered the nominating speech for another favorite son, Theodore Elijah Burton. Defeats in his 1916 and 1918 campaigns for re-election as Governor seemed to have cremated him politically; but he does not die so easily. When Harding wavered between seeking the Presidency or re-election to the Senate in 1920, Willis was foremost among the group which led him on to high ground that he might gaze upon the White House. And with good reason did Willis emulate the tempting angel, for he had quietly filed his own nomination papers for the Senate in the hope that his friend would succumb to Presidential allurements.

Harding did, and Willis's nominating speech, with its plea of "Come on now, boys and girls, let's nominate Warren Harding," came from the depths of his being. Profiting from this promotion venture, Willis took Harding's seat in the Senate.

Thus Harding's example and the sixth-grade history books are largely responsible for Willis's presence in the Presidential race. Harding's nomination and election in the face of his many limitations convince Willis that the elementary text-books are correct in their statement that any white, sane, and honest American boy has a chance at the White House.